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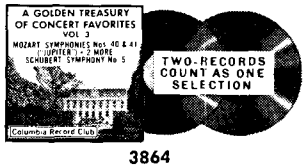

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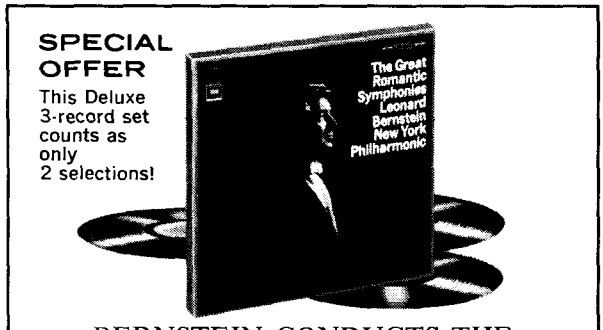
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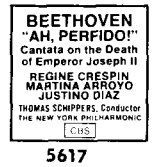

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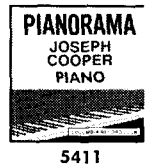
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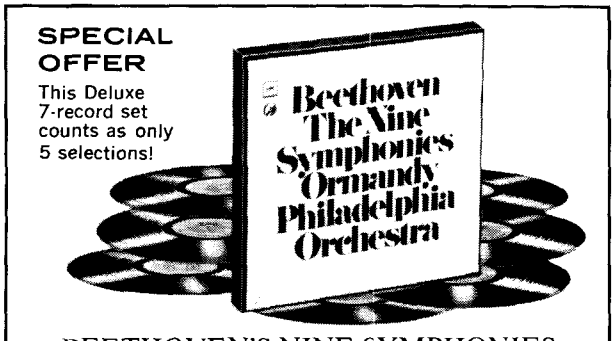

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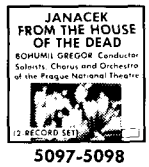
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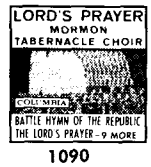
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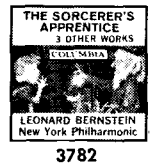

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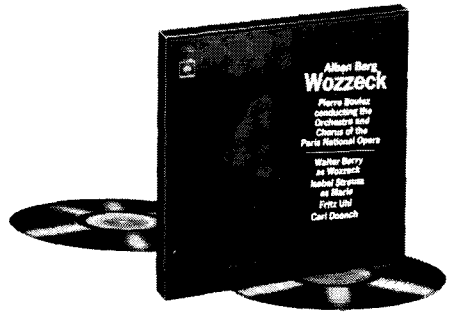

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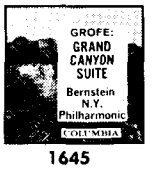

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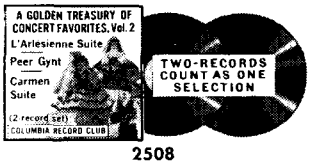

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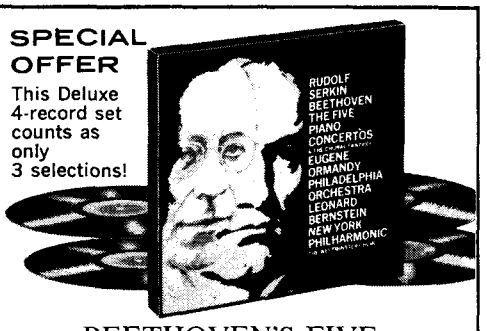

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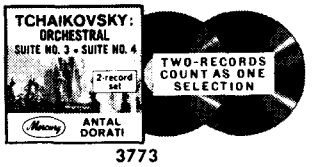

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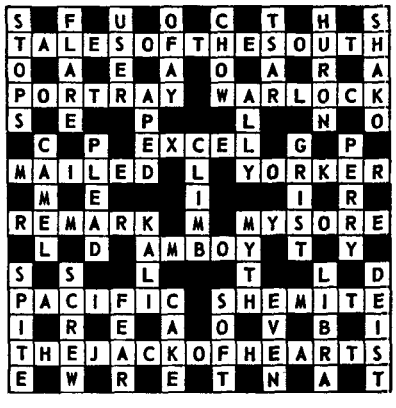
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VOLUME 38, NO. 1 **JANUARY 11, 1968**

THE REPORTER'S NOTES
COALITION GOVERNMENT? . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 8

Intellectuals Under Communism

THE UPPER CLASS IN EASTERN EUROPE . . . . . *Leopold Tyrmand* 14

At Home & Abroad

CAN PARENTS RUN NEW YORK'S SCHOOLS? . . . . . *Thomas R. Brooks* 20

CARTOON . . . . . *Fernando Krahn* 23

AUSTRALIA'S DEFENSE ROLE AFTER HAROLD HOLT . . . . . *Denis Warner* 24

HOW HANOI CONTROLS THE VIETCONG . . . . . *Joseph H. Weiss* 27

SLAVERY: THE CRIME THE WORLD IGNORES . . . . . *Noel Mostert* 29

DETROIT'S PRESS PROFITEERS . . . . . *William Serrin and Gene Goltz* 32

Views & Reviews

THE DEBT (SHORT STORY) . . . . . *Dee Panos* 34

WHAT KIND OF FOOL AM I? . . . . . *Gerald Weales* 36

DEAR LADY (VERSE) . . . . . *Frank Polite* 37

IN HOT WATER . . . . . *Jay Jacobs* 38

Books:

CHURCH AND POLITICS: THE PROTESTANT DEBATE . . . . . *Ernest W. Lefever* 39

THROUGH ROSE-COLORED GLASSES DARKLY . . . . . *Albert C. Schmidt* 44

THE REPORTER PUZZLE 49

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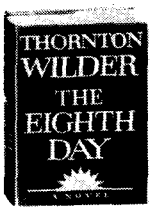

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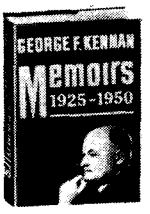

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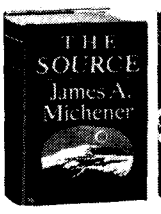

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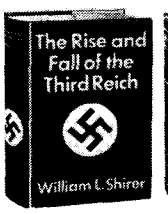

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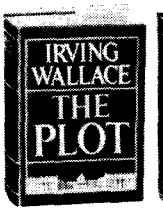

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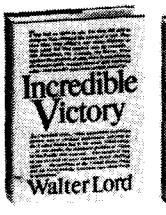

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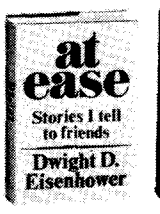

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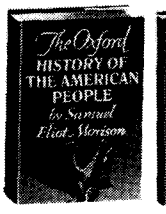

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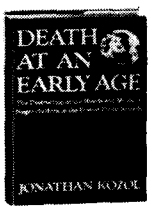

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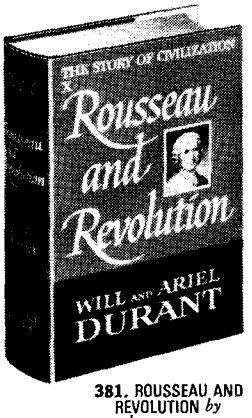

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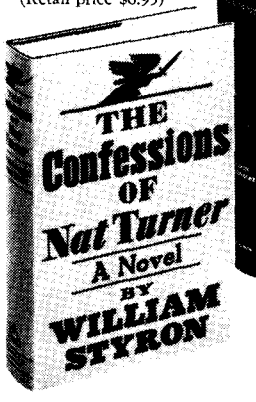

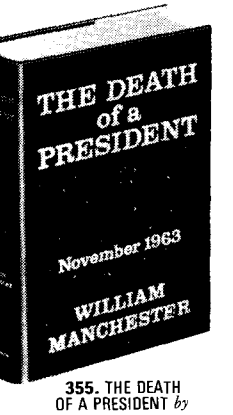

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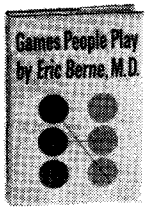

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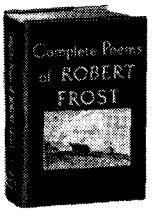

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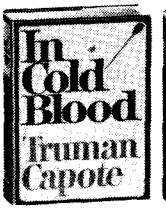

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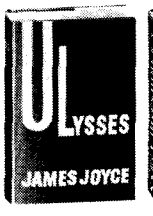

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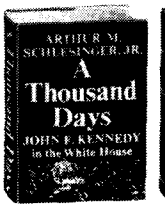

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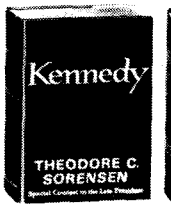

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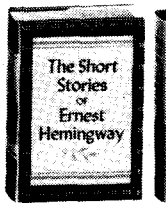

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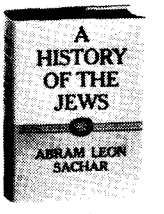

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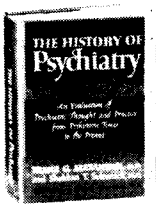

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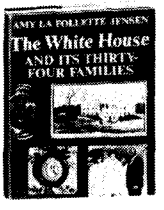

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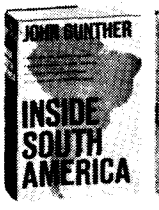

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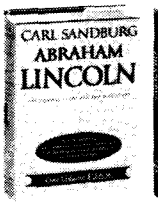

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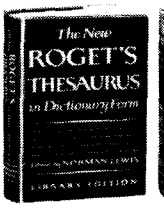

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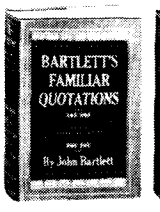

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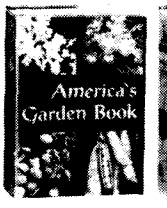

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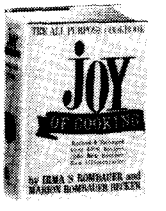

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Good News From INDIA

Two books which show how workable political institutions in India are being built regardless of slow economic development. This achievement may very well be applicable to *all* developing nations.

PARTY BUILDING IN A NEW NATION
The Indian National Congress
By Myron Weiner

In a country beset by caste, class, religious, and linguistic conflicts, India's National Congress party is remarkable for having provided a stable government for at least 20 years. How did the party do it? In a study of five districts in India, the author examines Indian local politics and shows how the party is going about reconciling the interests of a rural society with the need for change. Professor Weiner is senior staff member of the Center for International Studies at M.I.T. and serves as consultant on South Asia to the State Department.
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THE MODERNITY OF TRADITION
Political Development in India
By Lloyd I. Rudolph and Susanne Hoeber Rudolph

Few institutions seem to be less amenable to the establishment of the democratic process than India's caste system. Here is an account of how a very gradual transformation of traditional institutions has helped, rather than hindered, the transition of India's peasant society to representative democracy. The authors, who are on the faculty of the University of Chicago, have done much field work in India.
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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

ONE of the great myths of Communism, swallowed whole in the West, is that of the rebellious artist and intellectual who goads his post-Stalinist masters and gets away with it. We see it in the reception given visiting Communist poets, in reviews of books and films from Eastern Europe, and in reports of "daring" skits in the nightclubs of Warsaw or Budapest. These are presented as evidence of a "thaw" or of the unquenchable free spirit of the intellect. People who live under Communism know better, however. **Leopold Tyrmand** describes the true state of the intellectuals who serve Communism and thereby gain a privileged status as an upper class. He recently left his native Poland to live permanently in the United States. His novel *The Man With the White Eyes* was a best-seller in several languages; his latest, *High Society and Sentimental Life*, will soon be published in Europe.

EARLY this year the New York State legislature will consider the Bundy plan for dividing New York City's huge school system into smaller districts in which local parents will have a direct voice. What may turn out to be a rehearsal of the plan is described in **Thomas R. Brooks's** report on three districts where decentralization has been tried on an experimental basis with both worrisome and inconclusive results. Mr. Brooks is a New York-based free-lance writer. . . . "It is one of those great and rare occasions when a nation sees years or decades of imperceptible change and progress suddenly summed up in a flash of revolutionary clarity," wrote the *Australian Financial Review* as President Johnson arrived in Canberra to attend memorial services for Prime Minister Harold Holt. Holt's death came at a time when Australia was reassessing its defense role in Southeast Asia and, writes **Denis Warner,** the political repercussions indicate that a prolonged period of inaction lies ahead. . . . All the talk about negotiations with the NLF in Vietnam makes **Joseph H. Weiss's** analysis of the sources of power in the Vietcong eminently timely. Mr. Weiss, a Foreign Service officer until recently assigned to the political section of the U.S. embassy in Saigon, cites captured documents to trace a chain of Communist control that makes the NLF a mere façade. . . . Free-lance writer **Noel Mostert** visited the headquarters of the Anti-Slavery Society in London to report on its almost single-handed efforts to combat an ancient evil. . . . The Detroit newspaper strike, under way since November, has provided rich rewards for publishers of strike papers, known locally as the Vulture Press. **William Serrin** and **Gene Goltz** (a 1965 Pulitzer Prize winner) are reporters on the Detroit *Free Press*. . . . **Fernando Krahn** provides an automated version of original sin.

Dee Panos, a former New Yorker, lives in California, where she is working on a novel. . . . **Gerald Weales,** a past winner of the George Jean Nathan Award for Dramatic Criticism, is on the faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, and is the author or editor of a dozen books. These include *American Drama Since World War II* (Harcourt, Brace & World), and *A Play and Its Parts* (Basic Books). . . . **Frank Polite** teaches in the English Department of Youngstown University in Ohio. . . . **Jay Jacobs,** in his dual capacity as writer and artist, is a frequent contributor. . . . An ordained Protestant clergyman, **Ernest W. Lefever** was for three years on the executive staff of the National Council of Churches as a specialist in international affairs. He is now engaged in full-time research at the Brookings Institution, and among his books are *Ethics and United States Foreign Policy* (Meridian paperback) and *Arms and Arms Control* (Praeger). . . . **Albert C. Schmidt** has long been a student of Soviet literature.

Our Warsaw cover is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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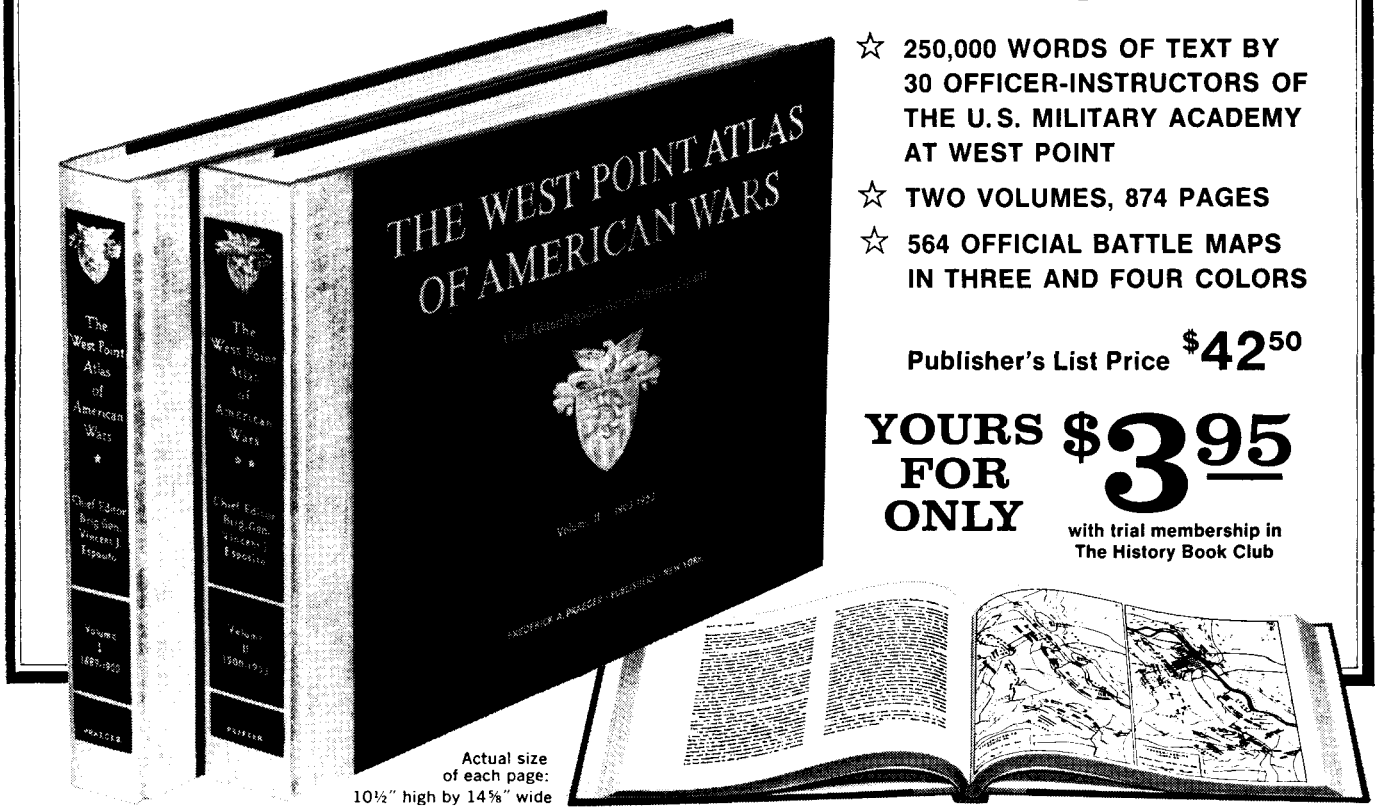

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CORRESPONDENCE

WE AND THEY

To the Editor: In reference to your recent editorials "We and They" (*The Reporter*, November 30 and December 14), I refer you to an article in the November issue of *Trans*-action magazine, "Do Most Professors Support the War?" It details a study which investigated sentiment on the Vietnam War among the academic circles of the University of Michigan, certainly one of the more liberal campuses in America. While it is difficult to generalize from a study of limited proportions, I hope you will take note that those who are the most vocal on the war in the academic intellectual community are not necessarily representative of the group as a whole.

HOWARD W. WILCHINS
University of Chicago

To the Editor: After reading your editorials "We and They," I find that it is high time to tell you how glad I am that I read *The Reporter*.

Stokely Carmichael wants us to lose this war. I wonder how many of the protesters who still can think have the same desire. Whatever their aim, they are all making victory more difficult and more costly.

I hesitate to support a war in which others have to fight for me. But I cannot withdraw my support when that withdrawal encourages the enemy and consequently increases the casualties on both sides.

JAMES E. VAN PEURSEM
Richmond, Kentucky

VALUING MR. BAILEY

To the Editor: George Bailey's article "Devaluing the Pound—and Labour" (*The Reporter*, December 14) is so informative, acute, even profound while remaining succinct that I write to commend you at once. Having made it my business to read everything in the American and British press and periodicals about the event, I am all the more impressed at the clear superiority of Mr. Bailey's reporting over anyone else's, including the *Economist*. He has managed to go beneath the surface and unerringly identify the paralysis, the cause of the muddle that has brought Britain to such an acute crisis.

EDWARD T. CHASE
New York

IMPORT QUOTAS

To the Editor: "The Last Protectionist Charge" ("The Reporter's Notes," December 14) contained an excellent analysis of the present attempt to pass protectionist trade legislation. It is important to recognize that there are immediate as well as long-range dangers to the American economy if quota bills pending before Congress should be passed.

In 1966, the last full year for which figures are available, U.S. exports totaled $29.8 billion and imports $25.3 billion. Quotas would deprive our trading partners of the opportunity to sell to us and earn dollars. Consequently, they would not be able to buy as much from the United States.

This contraction of our exports would mean fewer jobs and lower profits for many American companies. The potential damage to our economy becomes even greater when the possibilities of retaliation also are considered.

With specific reference to steel, the latest round of price increases in an industry that consistently does not engage in price competition shows again that it cares less about expanding its share of the American market by competing with imports than it does about maintaining a rigid, high price policy. It is difficult to understand how an industry that raises prices at will and disregards imperative national needs both to control inflation and to strive to be competitive can justify running to the government for help.

KURT ORBAN, President
American Institute for
Imported Steel, Inc.
New York

CHOOSING DEMOCRACY

To the Editor: Denis Warner ("Vietnam: The Need for a Loyal Opposition," *The Reporter*, December 14) is only the latest of the myriad who make the mistake of seeing Communism and democracy as opposite, comparable entities. This is not so. Communism is an ideology—a theology if one likes, a positive creed, fantastic, fanatical, filled with error no doubt, but a definite set of beliefs. Democracy is an agreement to let all ideologies and beliefs compete; it is the absence of dogma, erected on the ruins of theologies, based at bottom on skepticism.

Most peoples want a creed to believe in. The conventional comment, which Mr. Warner makes, that "Vietnam lacks any democratic tradition" somewhat misses the target in its insinuation that a people can, if they wish, take hold of the democratic ideology and build it up; but they cannot really do this. They have to experience contending intolerant creeds for a long time and come to the conclusion that it is better somehow to accept none of them. This runs counter to basic human instincts (it is perhaps one reason for our own radicals and hippies) and is rarely found among non-European peoples. This is one fairly simple point which most Americans seem not to understand.

ROLAND N. STROMBERG, Professor
University of Wisconsin
Milwaukee

BIRTH CONTROL

To the Editor: G.W.S. Trow's thoughtful piece ("India's Haphazard Birth-Control Program," *The Reporter*, December 14) is to be commended. I think I do have more hope than Mr. Trow, however, that India, which is pioneering in a very difficult endeavor, will find ways to meet its own problem, and in the course of doing so teach valuable lessons to many other countries of the world which are just beginning to recognize the gravity of the population problem.

ALAN F. GUTTMACHER, M.D.
President
Planned Parenthood-World Population
New York

COPS AND CRIMINALS

To the Editor: Strange, but in almost ten years of law-enforcement experience with local and state police agencies from coast to coast, I have never witnessed a third-degree interrogation. On the other hand, C. P. Crow ("Justice of Sorts," *The Reporter*, December 14) walks in off the street and the brutal cop stereotype comes alive. Could it have been his literary license that gained him admission to such intimacies?

The vast overwhelming majority of policemen I know are dedicated to a principle, the attainment of which does not include wanton brutality. I'm sure that if Mr. Crow had made any indignation he possessed known to the New York Police Commissioner's office, decisive action would have been taken. The answer to such actual problems does not lie, however, as you implied, in civilian review boards, but rather in the professional advancement of the police. The problem of efficient and humane police operations will not be solved by imposing the prejudices and inexperienced judgments of successful businessmen, physicians, and politicians on a body of men who daily face the violence of the streets while the general public looks on or looks away.

MAJOR DAVID G. EPSTEIN
Military Police Corps
Augusta, Georgia

THE POWER OF POETRY

To the Editor: I cried when I read Jean Farley's poignant poem "Cardinal" in *The Reporter* of December 14. I like both cats and birds, and it is so hard to reconcile the hunting of one by the other.

RUTH RAWLINSON
Decatur, Indiana

To the Editor: I enjoyed the December 14 issue until I came across the nasty little poem "Cardinal." I am fond of cats, birds, dogs, bugs, etc., and when I read this poem I felt sad for two or three days. Why would anyone make us feel so awful with a poem of this type?

MRS. VICTOR CUBARKIN
Los Angeles

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Coalition Government?

JUST a few days before Christmas a number of newspaper, radio, and TV commentators brought to their audience a chilling piece of news: once more, it was said, a peace feeler from the enemy in Vietnam had been ignored. The National Liberation Front, courtesy of the Romanian delegation to the U.N., made available to all information media a program that included a proposal for a coalition government in South Vietnam. An editorial in the New York *Times* on December 15 stated: "The action of South Vietnam's National Liberation Front . . . may be merely a propaganda gambit . . . . But the Front's unusual initiative . . . may also represent a serious peace feeler. It should be treated as such until proved otherwise." It added that the tone of the Front's program was "generally moderate and conciliatory."

The preamble is moderate and conciliatory indeed. It says, for instance, *"Obviously the U.S. imperialists are the most ruthless aggressors in history, the saboteurs of the 1954 Geneva Agreements, the wreckers of the peace and security of the peoples of Indo-China, South East Asia, and the world, the enemy number one of our people and of mankind"* (Italics theirs).

The word "coalition" is to be found only once in the whole document. It is in the preamble, where a "*national democratic coalition administration*" is advocated. Point 1 of the program defined the criteria for participation in the coalition: all those "patriotic personalities, and forces which have contributed to the cause of national liberation." All those who have failed to contribute to the cause are out of luck, and can wait for the throat slitters, Vietcong style. If they sincerely repent, it is said, they will be pardoned.

We want to spare our readers further quotations from this "moderate and conciliatory" prose, but two more are in order: the Front does "actively support the struggle of the American people against the U.S. imperialists' war of aggression in Vietnam," and "actively support the just struggle of Black people in the United States for their fundamental national rights."

On the same day as the editorial quoted above, the New York *Times* published the proposals but not the preamble of the NLF document. The *Times's* lack of sympathy for the Saigon government found expression in the editorial "Talking to the Vietcong," on December 22. The occasion was the Johnson-Thieu communiqué, where the President of South Vietnam expressed his willingness "to discuss relevant matters with any individuals now associated with the so-called National Liberation Front," while making clear that he thought "that it was not useful to attempt constructive discussions with any elements in South Vietnam committed to violent methods to obtain their political ends."

President Johnson, in his televised interview on December 14, had praised President Thieu for having said "that he would be agreeable to having informal talks with their representative." The whole thing seems to boil down to that difference between individual and representative which had made several high officials in the State Department unhappy with the television interview.

The *Times's* editorial, "Talking to the Vietcong," had the answer to it all: "If Saigon refuses to explore peace potentialities with the N.L.F., there is every justification for Washington going ahead on its own. In fact, this may be easier to do. The N.L.F. has said it would talk to the United States, but not to Saigon, just as has Hanoi. The interests of all the combatants will be best served by a turn toward the conference table." Considering that the New York *Times* had published the text of the NLF program, it is to be assumed that its editorial writer had read it. Or have these privileged people access to highly classified information they are withholding from their readers?

The day before Christmas, a lead editorial appeared entitled "Toward a Vietnam Coalition." It had an optimistic ring. This kind of joint experiment in government by different and antagonistic political parties is dangerous, the *Times* admitted. It may result in a Communist takeover "as has happened before in coalitions with Communists." "But Communists don't necessarily capture every government they join. . . ."

THERE HAVE BEEN quite a number of alarms about "missing signals for peace" from Hanoi or the Vietcong, and we think there is some use in a brief report of the latest one. As far as we know, the great commotion at Christmastime was based on nothing. We are living in very curious times, and the greater one's concern with public affairs, the more exposed he is to emotionalism. Seldom if ever have there been, even among sophisticated people, so many potential buyers of the Brooklyn Bridge.

In the days preceding Christmas, another thing of notable importance happened, and the fact that its protagonist is a man we greatly respect, Lyndon B. Johnson, does not exempt us from mentioning it. The televised interview between the representatives of the three major networks and the President could only be compared to the conversation between John F. Kennedy and the representatives of the same networks on December 17, 1962.

President Kennedy's image was made to be projected, and he knew how to do it to perfection. We all know this is not the case with Mr. Johnson, and how self-conscious he is in front of the cameras. True,

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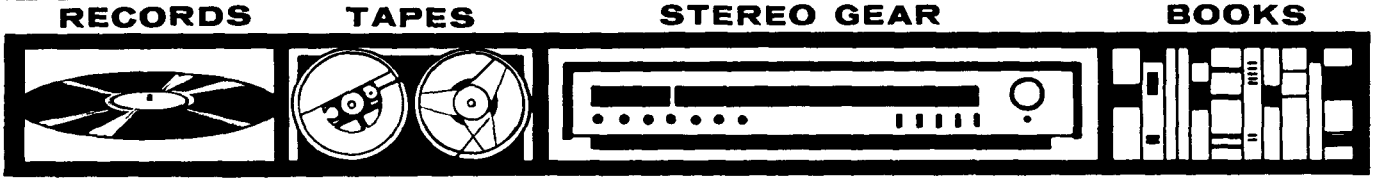

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he has been learning, gradually and haltingly, but even his enemies must admit that the show he put on on December 19 was superb. The full impact of his personality came through, yet he was not overpowering in answering the three men, whose questions were frequently impertinent and malevolent. John F. Kennedy had no such obstacles to face, for he was (though not always) an exception to the rule that no President is a hero to the White House correspondents.

Johnson did it. He let himself go overabundantly to the point of offering, in his hour of TV triumph, a large-scale caricature of the politician who feels he has his audience in hand and doesn't mind using the same argument without mercy. What did he mean, for instance, with his oft-repeated statement about one man, one vote? Was it a cure-all for a foreign country? Is it a legal or a moral principle, or a mixture of the two as a new criterion of legitimacy? Be that as it may, the United States does not qualify, for when it was founded, the one-man, one-vote principle would have been considered heresy by the framers of the Constitution.

By itself, the principle cannot stand in its naked generality. How frequently has the voter to go to the polls to select his candidate for offices high and low? Elections held too often, where the voter has to express his preference for too many candidates, can easily debauch a democracy. Perhaps what the President had in mind was to advocate the entrance into the political life of South Vietnam all those who are in between the two warring factions, too afraid or confused to choose the one side which allows choices in the present and in the future.

And why did the President put so much emphasis on South Vietnam, as if what happens in that unfortunate part of the world were of concern to the South Vietnamese only? We Americans may hate this fact, but we all know it. For a number of prudent reasons, the President, in his public statements, has to leave out our Soviet and Chinese "opponents." But the war in South Vietnam cannot be reduced to an internal South Vietnamese conflict.

The President cannot possibly en-

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tertain the notion of a coalition government uniting the two or maybe three sections of Vietnam. He is too wise a politician, and knows there are antagonisms that no political maneuver can conciliate.

We express these qualms out of respect for Lyndon Johnson. Our confidence in him was already great enough. Now we have learned that, even with a few bloopers, he can master, of all things, a TV spectacular.

—Max Ascoli

Two Prisoners

The Christmas season, traditionally an occasion for amnesties and pardons, prompts remembrance of the world's two most famous perennial political prisoners: Rudolf Hess a symbol of the Second World War and the now vestigial alliance that won it, and Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty, both a symbol and a victim of the new war.

Hess, once the deputy and a successor designate to Adolf Hitler, is the last remaining inmate of the huge allied prison in Spandau just outside Berlin. He is the subject of double incarceration: totally withdrawn in lunacy, he is his own prisoner as well as that of the allies. He is guarded in monthly rotation by four companies of allied soldiers—American, British, French, and Soviet, at considerable cost to all four governments.

The allies have approached the Soviets with the suggestion that Hess be amnestied or at least transferred to a less expensive location. The Soviets have repeatedly refused, and for reasons that are perfectly clear. The Spandau prison is a guarantee of the Four Power Statute of Berlin and Germany, long moribund but deliberately kept alive for the policy option it represents. Moreover, the four-power guard of one prisoner in Spandau is linked to the statute and the state of war with Germany that has never been ended by treaty. The links are part of the chain that still serves to bind the western allies to the Soviets against the concept of a united—or "reunited"—Germany.

Jozsef Cardinal Mindszenty is also his own prisoner, having con-

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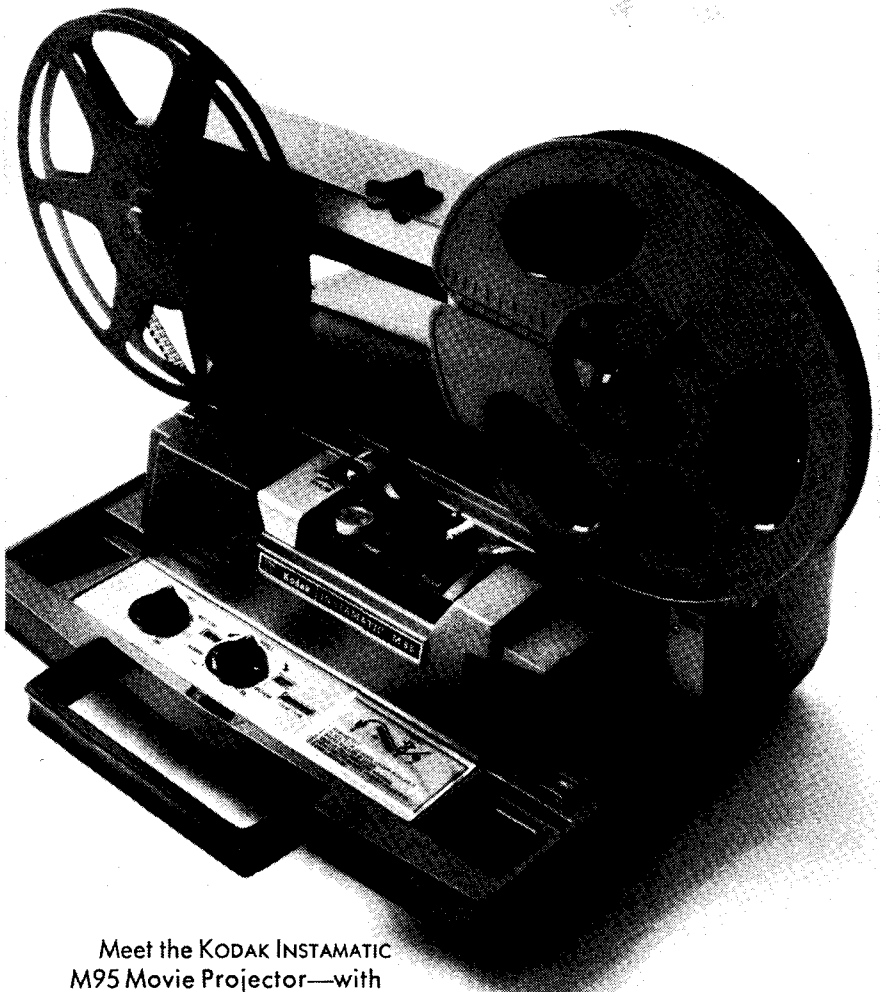

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tinually refused to accept the safe-conduct out of Hungary arranged for him by the Vatican and the American State Department in negotiations with the Hungarian régime. Mindszenty certainly has the strangest and most unwilling warder in the history of penology—the U.S. ambassador to Hungary—and it is difficult to say who is the prisoner of whom.

THE PENANCE he has forced upon the State Department is well directed and well deserved: Mindszenty was the most prominent and most important victim of the Rákosi régime, which was totally discredited by the Communists themselves. And yet the sentence of life imprisonment passed on Mindszenty by that régime, in a blatant show trial, still stands. Eleven years after his peculiar penance in the embassy began, the Hungarian police cars with their engines running still keep ceaseless vigil in front of the American embassy, ready to reimplement the sentence should the cardinal leave under circumstances other than the moral gantlet of safe passage to exile. But if Mindszenty accepted safe passage he would in effect be accepting his sentence as valid. Why do the Communists uphold the sentence? Because the cardinal was condemned as *the* clerico-fascist opponent of Communism; he was released not by Communists but by the Hungarian revolution. He represents that revolution as does no other man—and so he remains the arch-clerico-fascist.

This is the link in the larger chain: the same force that maintains the sentence in the all but empty ghost prison in Spandau as a symbol for use in grand policy deception also maintains the sentence in the American embassy in Budapest in order at last to legitimize and render acceptable the original infamous verdict.

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Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, John and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not fabulously wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that $15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first.

Through Save the Children Federation, the Seletti's $15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future schooling are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still some money left over. This money, together with money from other sponsors, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry farm. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income, and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece. You can select the child's nationality. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond.

Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She [illegible] like [illegible]

does, the Seletti's investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

The Selettis know they can't save the whole world for $15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Selettis. How about you?

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The Upper Class in Eastern Europe

LEOPOLD TYRMAND

THERE IS a brand of Communism that exists neither in Russia nor in Asia. Warsaw slang has a word for it—in English it might sound something like "popdem." Derived from the term "popular democracy," the abbreviation somewhat alters the sense of the original but is closer to the reality. "Popdem," or Third Communism, was the result not of revolution but of the Yalta Agreement. Except in Yugoslavia, where the Communist Party was strong enough at the end of the Second World War to seize power by its own efforts, the advent of Eastern European Communism has nothing to do with the will of the people or popular social revolt. The Communist Parties of Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria, and East Germany ultimately achieved total power because Roosevelt and Churchill co-operated with the Red Army.

The distinctive nature of Third Communism is a simple and obvious fact to the people who live under it. In the Soviet Union and China, when a citizen is arrested or killed, no trace of him is likely to remain. In Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary innocent men are also arrested and killed, but they do not vanish without a trace. Everyone knows perfectly well what has happened and the matter is discussed at length in offices, cafés, and at parties. The lack of a Siberia determines the atmosphere of everyday life and the attitude of the rulers toward the ruled. Unlike his counterparts in the Soviet Union and Asia, an Eastern European leader, to get what he wants from his country's governed masses, must appeal to a set of values that has evolved through centuries of a European, Christian civilization emphasizing the individual. In Eastern Europe, individual goals, the conception of happiness and success, are different from those in Russia and in Asia.

The Rest of the Iceberg

The appearance of the streets and the girls, the nightclubs and the theatres, the fashions, the living quarters, and the way of speaking—this is where western correspondents look for the characteristic features of Third Communism in everyday life. They seem to offer accurate, though superficial, evidence of a relative liberality that is ascribed to the so-called national Communism and its gradual liberation from the Russian ideological center. In truth, however, they represent a specific subculture that has existed since the very inception of popdems. The post-Stalinist thaw has endowed this subculture with the appearance of openness and universality, but these characteristics are illusory. The subculture, in turn, is to a large extent the product of a social upper class peculiar to Third Communism and one of its main features.

As everywhere else, the upper class in Eastern Europe has its mannerisms, its style of dressing, its artistic and recreational tastes that become the desired and copied patterns and rules of fashion. It even has its jet set. Though the western observer notices the smartly dressed women and the remarkably frank satirical theatre that seem so inconvenient for the régime, he does not associate these phenomena with the existence of a definite social group that produces them as the expression of its needs and postulates. Thus he remains unaware of the origin, the functioning, the moral attitudes, and the influence of this group.

Westerners as a rule also fail to distinguish between the Communist upper class and the Communist ruling class. The ruling class, or the "New Class," has been well described by Milovan Djilas and by two young Polish Communists, Jacek Kuron and Karol Modzelewski, who criticized present-day Communism from a neo-Marxist position. Djilas and the two young Poles believe that the Communist Parties have degenerated into a New Class of all-powerful own-

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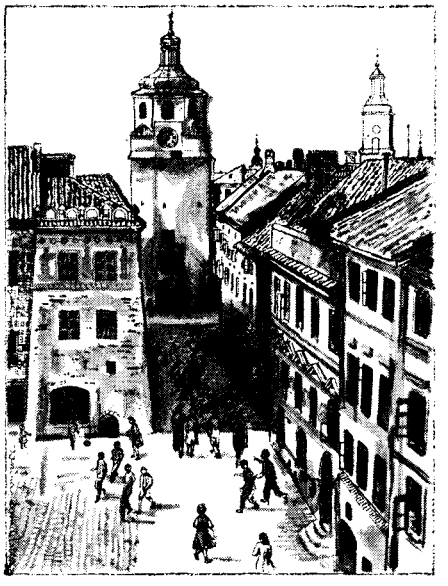
ers of the means of production and of the administrative apparatus. Djilas wrote: "It is the rule of a bureaucracy organized into a separate social class." The Poles call it "central political bureaucracy" and claim that it is motivated by narrow caste egoism and that it exploits society with a callousness equal to that of the great capitalist monopolies. Neither Djilas nor the Poles pay much attention to the phenomenon of the upper class, seeing it rather as a small fragment of the New Class. They are victims of Marxist intellectual training, which recognizes only economics and politics as the criteria of social significance.

The upper class is a social and moral phenomenon. Its individual members may also be members of the ruling class and they may play a significant role in politics or the economy, yet the chief characteristic of the class is lack of political power. The upper class insistently emphasize their political impotence. Political power is equivalent with responsibility, and responsibility ruins the image of their goal—the beautiful life. However, they are always striving for political *influence*.

The ruling class is composed of revolutionaries, life members of the party, mostly people of the lower social class. They are devoured by the inadequacies of the system they themselves have created, engaged in a perpetual, deadly fight for power, living in constant fear of party discipline, of committing an error, of intrigues and denunciations by opportunists who covet their jobs. Owing to a senseless political setup and permanent economic chaos, they work sixteen hours a day and die young of heart attacks. They are colorless and not very intelligent, and they live simply within the asceticism imposed by the doctrine. The ruling class provides its own successors via the cadre system out of the Young Communist League and—from the age of seven—the Pioneers.

The relationship between the upper and the ruling classes is one of mutual scorn and hatred. The members of the ruling class look down upon the upper class's incessant maneuvering for advantage and profit, but envy its freedom to enjoy the fruits of success that they have denied themselves. The upper class hates the iron harness which it has deliberately donned and by which the ruling class leads it to lies and degradation. It is consumed by a complex concerning its own helplessness; it hates its masters most because it is not feared by them. To compensate, it ridicules their political failures and intellectual limitations, contemptuously describing them as the "semi-demi-intelligentsia."

When the Communists seized power in Eastern Europe, they were disastrously short of cadres. Their parties were small, isolated, and without roots in the peasant, bourgeois, conservative, and religious cultures. With the Red Army providing the basis for political control, these parties had enough of their own kind



to fill the top administrative posts. But in the areas of culture, science, diplomacy, it was necessary to draw on other resources: the opportunists and social climbers. The Communists tried to find replacements from their own ranks. Yet this was not necessary: the newcomers became their people, making careers and forming an upper class linked forever with Communism.

The main source for recruitment was the intelligentsia—the social group that has always used intellectual assets to make up for the traditional Eastern European lack of capital. Money under Communism has the same function and significance as anywhere else. While under Communism money is cheap and one can get little with it, without it one can get nothing at all. Money is undoubtedly the primary reason why part of the intelligentsia actively supported the new order. Yet, having lived by means of the agility of their minds, they could not resist inventing—and eventually believing—justifications for their actions: the magnetic power of the victorious ideology, the relentless logic of history, their betrayal by the West.

Those who had sympathized with fascism found an ideal outlet for their talents in Red totalitarianism. The most cynical, who proclaimed it the only possible direction of world development, reached the highest echelons. One of the most enduring myths about Communism is that it is the spokesman for the proletariat in an unrelenting struggle against the proprietary classes. In reality, Communism is a stern enemy only of those who refuse to submit to it or to accept the party line; the obedient and the useful can always count on being favored and accommodated. And so those who could offer the new rulers either talent or service in the line of propaganda found their way into the newly developing upper class. Acceptance was conditioned by the trust of the rulers. The grace of elevation was bestowed upon only the most submissive and the most venal.

Lies for Sale

The power of the upper class began to emerge during the years of the Stalinist terror. Its beginnings were somewhat grotesque. Communism needed figureheads whose names and personalities would camouflage its activities both from the more reluctant Eastern European countries and the suspicious West, in foreign service as well as in internal administration. It needed old aristocratic names to appeal to nationalists, Catholics to proclaim that Stalin loved the Church, leaders of peasant parties who never saw the countryside, prominent writers and artists to prove a lie truth, and scholars who would demonstrate that two plus two made five.

People who still are highly respected in the West signed their names to articles claiming that little children died of hunger on the streets of New York, that Stalin was a

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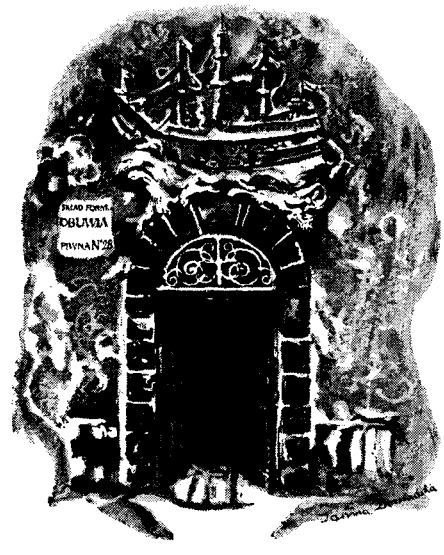
greater physicist than Einstein. Today some maintain that they were under severe pressure of threats or some obscure necessities, or even suffered violence at the hands of the political police; they argue that they were forced to do it, that everyone was doing it, that no one is a saint. This is a glaring distortion of facts. No one was forced to act at the point of a gun. The best proof is simply that the majority of the intellectuals survived Stalinism, though they lived in somewhat more modest apartments, ate less well, and did not travel abroad. The driving force of the voluntary figureheads was the desire for promotion to the upper class, to banish once and for all the fear of a life without luxuries. (And under Communism the greatest psychological luxury of all is an awareness of being able to attain some personal achievement.)

I say once and for all, because the significant characteristic of the upper class is its stability. The ruling-class guardians may perish in deathly struggles for position or tumble from the pinnacle of power into prison cells or miserable retirement pensions. The intellectuals, diplomats, and artists of the upper class survive, once their positions are achieved. Entrance into the upper class automatically guarantees stability, being based on the choice of an opportunist attitude that functions universally, is useful under all circumstances, and serves anyone and everyone. The more cynical the servility, the more certain it is to survive changes and political storms.

The Polish Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs, Józef Winiewicz, is probably the most durable dignitary of his rank in the world. This, no doubt, can be explained by the fact that before the war he was the editor of a nationalist anti-Semitic magazine, while during the war he let himself be mobilized by the pro-Communist circles in London. For this, after the war, he was given posts abroad, including the ambassadorship in Washington, and life membership in the upper class. Yet he has never been allowed to join the ruling class; his function is to provide with total obedience the representation, good appearance, and manners of a man from a so-called good family.

Entry into the upper class is never completely closed; there is always room for new Rastignacs. The acceptance procedure varies only according to whether the candidate's attitude is active or passive. In the first case, a public declaration of faith is required. This is an elaborate and precise technique of deceit, since the declarers usually have contempt for Communism but must glorify it in print and in their speeches. They try to avoid a too primitive approach: they cleverly advertise their doubts and reservations, their ostentatious concern for the imperfections of the Communist practice (the theory is sacred!); they waver publicly and strongly emphasize the necessity of so-called sincerity of decision. In the end, however, they discover—also publicly—the richest depository of humanitarianism, wis-



dom, and justice in Communism. For this their authors' fees reach gigantic proportions. In the Stalinist era the plot was simple: on one side was the devil of American imperialism and its domestic embodiments—the well-to-do peasant, the bourgeoisie, and the CIA agent; on the other side was the Communist angel, the Stalinist power apparatus. By now, however, things have become more complicated: one must satisfy the demands of the paymasters, yet not antagonize the unfriendly and skeptical public.

It sometimes happens that an orthodox Marxist becomes a member of the upper class, but this is rare. An orthodox Marxist who does not have a particularly well-developed conscience is a member of the ruling class; an orthodox Marxist burdened with a conscience quickly becomes a disillusioned critic and thereby drops out of the upper class and falls to the level of ordinary citizen. He is often persecuted more violently than a militant non-Marxist.

Commedia dell'Arte

What of those who become members of the upper class as a result of a passive attitude—who "back into it," as it were? This boils down to accumulating money, honors, and privileges while incurring a minimum of obligations. Music, for example, is ideologically neutral. The composer who calls his symphony "Spring Festival" can achieve at most an artistic success; but if he calls it "Revolutionary Festival" or "Lenin Cantata," he will be showered with prizes and his work will be performed frequently on the radio and in concert halls. Upper-class insiders smile, knowing the composer's contempt for revolution and Lenin. That the rest of society thinks him an opportunist is a matter of indifference to the composer, for he considers himself an artist to whom anything is permitted, as long as it serves his genius.

An actor who performs, eagerly and often, in plays and films that conform with socialist realism is assured enthusiastic reviews, whether he is a good actor or a bad one. The process of producing mass culture mobilizes a great many semi-artistic and auxiliary professionals: architect-decorators, cameramen, authors of pop tunes and lyrics, soundtrack technicians. They are considerably better paid than men in other professions, and a well-placed remark during an interview or a line in a song catering to the tastes of the ruling class is enough to enable them to enjoy full advantage of publicity, and so obtain entry to the upper class.

PUBLICITY and promotion play a significant role in the endless development of the upper class, even though they look quite different from those in free societies. The system is one of popularity by decree. It is unobtainable through personal achieve-

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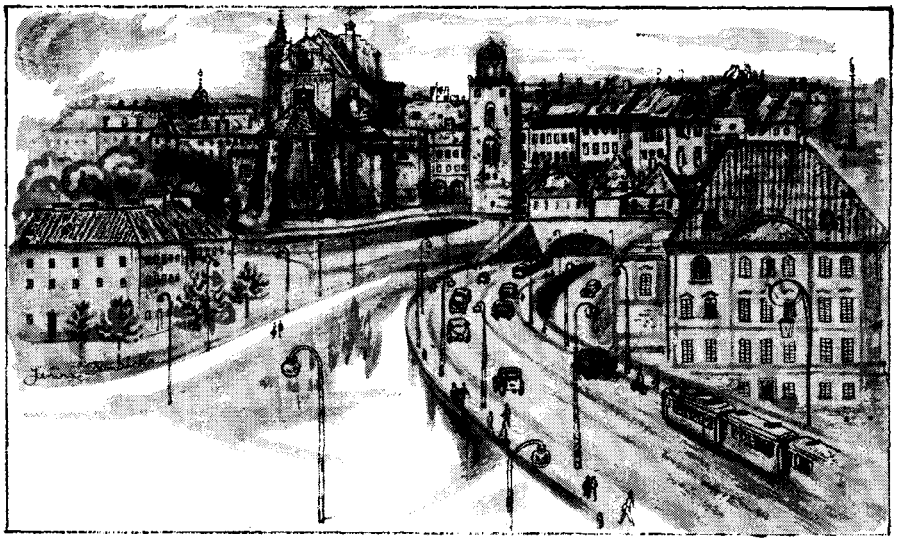
ment or talent and cannot be bought —it may be had only as reward for services rendered. When the mass media are centered in the hands of the ruling class, an interview with an author, actor, scholar, or inventor is not the result of his accomplishments but of his usefulness to the rulers. It is possible to become famous and admired overnight, not because of the verdict of the public but because it has been so decided by the party. No usual publicity could possibly match the efficiency in fashioning pseudo celebrities with what the Communist mass media have at their disposal.

Individual popularity is neither the aim nor the reason for publicity, nor does it determine financial success. Publicity's task is to place a person in such a light and situation that he may be showered with privileges and rewards, the better to become the grateful servant of his patron—the ruling class. Occasionally a young writer, actor, or pop singer will achieve wide popularity on his own; in that case he is thoroughly checked by the ruling class from the angle of his usefulness in political propaganda. If he is found harmless and his product or his personality can serve as an illustration for the alleged freedom in culture and entertainment, then he obtains—together with money and publicity—entry into the upper class. But if the man insists on keeping his freedom and independence, he is doomed to total oblivion: editors of newspapers, radio and television—all members of the ruling class—will not allow the slightest reference to the fact that he exists, even should the public clamor for his scarce books and copy them on typewriters.

The upper class's most essential talent—ambiguous and sophisticated, and an invaluable tool in the hands of the ruling class—lies in its ability to produce artistic and intellectual material that seems open, liberal, and dangerous to Communism, but actually is not in the least liberal or dangerous. The small literary theatres in Poland or Czechoslovakia appear to the West to be potential centers of criticism and satire, a menace and a threat to Communism. This is a cardinal error, for they only represent the mocking ambivalence and the opportunistic attitudes of the upper class. If they were dangerous, they would not exist.



Typical of the passive attitude is cynical ambivalence and cautious involvement. The musician and the actor emphasize repeatedly that their art is safe and neutral, void of any responsibility. The upper-class writer considers it absolutely disgraceful to maintain social relations with the head of the censorship office, even though the latter is actually his ally and protects him against the competition of more honest and talented writers.

The Comforts of Culture

In most Eastern European languages the upper class is called the "profitariat." The Poles say "the owners of People's Poland." Profit and ownership define them most precisely in the consciousness of the people. But what is the nature of their opulence and *dolce vita*?

It is based first of all on their separateness from the rest of society. An American millionaire, an English aristocrat, or a successful French artist has a different standard of living from the rest of the people, but the difference is of quality and quantity rather than objective. Almost any American, Englishman, or Frenchman who wants a car, a house, or a trip abroad may finally achieve his aim through hard work, even physical toil. Rich people simply have better cars, larger homes, and more luxurious vacations. Under Communism, having your own two-room apartment is an empty dream for the overwhelming majority of the people, a car represents the greatest luxury, and a trip abroad is a complicated affair that must be planned years in advance and probably will never materialize. The upper class is not disturbed by such problems and difficulties.

The housing shortage is the plague of Communism: two people living in one small room is the general rule. Excepted from the norm are the ruling class, the microscopic group of people who have not been deprived of the remnants of their possessions, and doctors and scholarly specialists, whom Communism must tolerate and pay well—even without political engagement on their part. And the upper class. It receives special allowances for special living quarters that do not fall under the usual rules of space restrictions. Because of their relative prosperity its members can build one-family homes and villas without interference from the tax authorities. A New York professor once told me how impressed he had been at seeing the apartment of Professor Adam Schaff, a Communist philosopher and an unscrupulous sybarite who is the archetype of the upper class. "How do you explain the opulence of Schaff's surroundings?" he asked. "By the superiority of dialectical materialism over bourgeois idealism," I replied, and I assured him that my answer was neither sarcastic nor facetious.

When a member of the upper class gets bored with his own apart-

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ment, he has at his disposal the so-called "homes for creative work" available to writers, musicians, journalists, etc. Usually they are old palaces turned into high-class boarding houses. The rates are relatively low and the food is supplied from special reserves; when a particular country undergoes one of its periodic food crises and long queues form in front of shops throughout the cities, the upper class descends en masse on these refuges from want. There they may write in peace their epics about equality and brotherhood.

THE MOST COMMON daydreams are the most difficult to realize. The Gypsy women in Eastern Europe, instead of opening their fortune-telling with the conventional formula "You will get money" or "You will be lucky in love," say "You will travel abroad."

During the Stalinist period it was impossible for an ordinary citizen to obtain an exit visa (in the Soviet Union it still is). Today an exit visa is available only to those who are politically clean in the eyes of the ruling class; anybody who has antagonized the authorities by critical attitudes toward Communism does not get a visa for years—in other words, he is a prisoner in his own country. Political circumstances are not the only obstacle: the currencies of the Communist countries are of little worth in the West; thus, a trip also depends on obtaining hard currency—which only the government has. The upper class alone has no trouble getting exit visas and funds for traveling expenses. This is how it has been since the beginning of popdems: the ruling groups, in contrast to those in the Soviet Union, never cut themselves off from contacts with the West. The West is a more advantageous trade partner; also western Communist and leftist parties are missionary areas and potential allies against Soviet hegemony; and being a part of western civilization is, and always has been, a dream of the Eastern European masses. So the upper class travels—to meetings, congresses, festivals, to judge at international competitions. The ruling class risks little: where could a member of the upper class do better than at home? The West is impressed by how well real intellectuals fare under Communism. It has no idea of the detailed briefing the travelers receive before departing on the matter of displaying nonconformism.

Actually, the ruling class leaves its subordinates quite a lot of room for individual initiative. There is the well-known case of one Polish journalist who promises western airlines articles in exchange for expensive trips. He goes, returns, and then writes a series of vicious articles. When his sponsors complain, he blames censorship, which allegedly will not allow him to write positively about western companies. He thereby defines himself a victim of lack of freedom of the press. His bosses of the ruling class call this little game doing anti-western propaganda with western money.

Members of the upper class do not build capital from their income. They fear the ruling class, who would look unfavorably on money-hoarding. Also, they lack confidence in Communist currency. They live high but do not save for the future; they live from day to day, sparing themselves nothing that is available at home. But they are transformed into vultures and misers as soon as foreign currencies and dollars come into question. To obtain them, the members of the upper class are capable of any act, of taking any risk. Earnings and compensations in foreign currencies are their greatest desire, their highest possible achievement, and attract the envy of those around them. Numerous illegal transactions and manipulations go on. Sometimes they lead to loss of privileges, as they did in the mass withdrawal of privileges in Hungary in the wake of smuggling and black-market scandals. Most of the time, however, the ruling class manages to forgive irregularities and to cover up any scandal.

Mistaken Nonentities

The primary driving force of the upper class, however, is avidity for status and the inner need to rise above others. This may be seen in their cautiousness in disclosing their success and in the way they relish it. The principle is that success may be demonstrated to inferiors, but carefully, provoking not envy but only that admiration indispensable to self-satisfaction. Many believe in the unique value of their talents, and feel that any means leading to its fulfillment is justified. A hundred years from now, they argue, nobody will ask whether the artist was a political hypocrite, only what he left for posterity. It seems, however, that humiliating obedience does not produce a fertile climate for artistic accomplishment: so far, postwar Eastern Europe has produced nothing of lasting value, the half dozen good films produced by Poland and Czechoslovakia nothwithstanding.

The active stand as well as the passive comes by free choice, through an initial acceptance of cynical servility. The members of the upper class do not conceal this fact or deny it in private conversations. In their attempts at justification they emphasize the element of coercion. It is, judging from what they say, an ambivalent coercion: on the one hand a brutal pressure by the ruling class, on the other the duty toward society, country, and—as it is broadly understood—culture.

A second possibility is that a member of the upper class considers *a priori* that he is a genius, indispensable to his fatherland, its cultural development, etc., which is why he must accept the demands of the ruling class. This sort of casuistry leads to various psychological complications: the upper-class members want the alleged violations done to their conscience noticed and recognized as such by their own people and by intellectual opinion in the West. They want their mental agonies to absolve them from their sins. Deeply seated in them is a nostalgia for moral purity and a need for justification, hence awareness of guilt.

They develop complexes: members of the upper class, in vivid contrast to the members of the ruling class, are ashamed of their success but they hide it behind nonchalant intellectual buffoonery and moral balancing acts. This is accompanied by a constant attempt to demonstrate that their successes result from coercion, that they themselves are victims of "something." Nothing is more feverishly promoted by the upper class than the myth of its persecution by the ruling class, and this the West believes. Nothing gives them greater pleasure than to

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brag about this persecution, or to hear words of sympathy for their suffering or praise for their unshakable loyalty to principles of integrity. Some western intellectuals, indeed, have been willing to bestow such comfort on members of the Communist upper class.

THE UPPER CLASS exerts a deeply negative influence on its societies. For two centuries the Eastern European nations have learned to look up to their intelligentsia for moral guidance, for ideals of honor and decency. The Communist upper class in Eastern Europe, being a segment of the intelligentsia, is developing new patterns and ideals not at all compatible with the noble traditions of that social group. What is worse, actively supported by the ruling class, it falsely assumes the right to represent the *whole* intelligentsia. Using a shrewd technique of projection, by which Communism shows the society its own "true" image, the upper class is used to block the view, deny knowledge, or disguise facts to those who remain uncorrupted and have the will to make the fight against the system. A distorted dialectic of victorious Communism has instilled the rule that whatever cannot be seen does not exist. People who are never allowed to witness a struggle for intellectual and moral integrity become morally indifferent; their resistance weakens. Sooner or later they accept the upper class as the object of their secret envy and the subject of their gossip, as well as a surefire pattern for individual success in life.

The upper class consists of party members as well as non-party members: a party card has no significance when it comes to evaluating and describing the upper class. It is neither the equivalent nor the representative of the intellectual elite, and it does not represent culture. Certain areas of culture have been merely farmed out to it, and it does have claims to exclusiveness and hegemony; nowhere, and at no time, has it succeeded in monopolizing cultural life. During the 1956 October thaw in Poland, culture managed briefly to liberate itself from both the ruling and the upper class. For a short while, it became the domain of liberals, nonconformists, and youth in revolt.

A comparison with the western upper class shows both similarities and differences. Membership in each is determined by money, success, and style of living. In the capitalist societies these are obtained with inherited wealth or through a successful catering to the unsophisticated tastes of the masses. Neither requires intelligence or brilliance. In the Communist system success results from a cynical intellectual shrewdness that is inseparable from genuine brightness. The western jet set includes many wealthy loafers with no ambition but to glitter. In comparison, Communist jet-setters shine: they are all educated, brilliant and interesting. One could compare them to the courtiers of the Renaissance or Rococo periods, the wise, viciously witty gentlemen who know all of life's secrets, flatterers perversely contemptuous of themselves. They have developed a cult of wit at any price, even at the price of shedding the remnants of their dignity. But the western jet set, despite its mental superficiality and moral and ideological indifference, is independent of its ruling group and capable of occasional useful patronage of the arts and sciences. The Communist jet set is nothing but a helpless client of the ruling class, and as the *sole* arbiter of success it recommends conformity, thus becoming a deeply depraving force.

THE WEST, particularly its intellectual circles, sees the upper class as its ally. A mistaken theory prevails that a cynical attitude is the source of Communist splits, schisms, and heresies, that hunger for material possessions will in the end force the tough ruling-class dogmatists to make concessions, and that consumption's chief flag-bearer is the upper class. Its very opportunism, in the eyes of some political scientists, provides fertile ground for infiltration, for injection of political ideas and conceptions, and for contaminating their societies with western culture and civilization.

The more superficial and naïve among the western observers take the statements of the upper class as sincere declarations of faith and beliefs, and trust their showy liberalism and cautious opposition. They do not appreciate the degree of the upper class's devotion to their ruling class. It is a devotion to a success tested well during twenty-two years. No one in the world could give these people a better life than their present masters. Why, then, should they jeopardize something for which they can so easily provide their own twisted justification?

In moments of reflection, when forced to render account to himself for his depravity and humiliation, the member of the Eastern European upper class avows that his mere presence graces and tends to humanize a threatening, dirty, and bestial force. He sees himself as a rose in the muzzle of the gun aimed at mankind.

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Can Parents Run New York's Schools?

THOMAS R. BROOKS

New York City's running battle between various neighborhood groups and the Board of Education over control of the schools prompted the state legislature last spring to request Mayor John V. Lindsay to submit a plan "for the creation and redevelopment of educational policy and administrative units . . . with adequate authority to foster greater community initiative and participation." To draw up the plan, the Mayor named an Advisory Panel on Decentralization of the New York City Schools with McGeorge Bundy, president of the Ford Foundation, as chairman. About the same time, the Board of Education cautiously repeated its desire "to experiment with varying forms of decentralization and community involvement in several experimental districts of varying sizes."

Over the summer, as the Bundy panel cogitated, three "pilot" decentralization districts came into being. One of them—Intermediate School 201 and its four elementary feeder schools in East Harlem—had been the scene of bitter wrangling in the fall of 1966, when parents demanded a bigger voice in the school's administration. The others are in Ocean Hill-Brownsville, a predominantly Negro district in Brooklyn, and Two Bridges, a racially heterogeneous district on the lower East Side of Manhattan. Although intended as experiments, they are considered by most New Yorkers as forerunners and tests of city-wide decentralization as envisioned in the Bundy plan. Mayor Lindsay submitted the plan to the legislature on December 1 for its consideration this session. The United Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO), which wants a strong voice in educational policies, has drawn up its own suggestions. Neither plan has the support of the Board of Education. Indeed, the board would lose most of its powers if either were instituted.

At present, the New York City school system is divided into thirty districts, each averaging thirty schools with thirty-six thousand pupils (about the same size as the Evansville, Indiana, system), and each administered by the Board of Education. The Bundy panel recommended up to sixty autonomous districts, which could mean that the districts would average as few as sixteen thousand pupils each (about the same size as the Norwalk, Connecticut, system). An analysis of the racial composition of grades one through eight in the thirty present districts shows thirteen predominantly (i.e., fifty per cent or more) white, six Negro, four Puerto Rican, and seven Negro-Puerto Rican. Minority-group youngsters make up just over fifty per cent of the total.

The three model districts are much smaller than those proposed by the Bundy Report. I.S. 201 (grades five through eight) and its feeder schools have a total of 3,813 pupils, mostly Negro but with a substantial Puerto Rican minority. Ocean Hill-Brownsville takes in five elementary schools and two junior high schools with a student population of roughly eight thousand—seventy-five to eighty per cent Negro, the balance Puerto Rican and a sprinkling of "others." Two Bridges embraces four elementary schools and a junior high school. Of its 5,148 pupils, forty per cent are Puerto Rican, thirty-six per cent Chinese, and twelve per cent Negro.

Model in the Making

The I.S. 201 story is a paradigm of what is happening in our big-city slums. In 1962, when the Board of Education announced plans for the construction of a new junior high school (later I.S. 201), East Harlem parents protested that the chosen site was too deep in the Negro district to allow for successful integration. The board, however, promised not only integration but also an innovative building and a creative educational program. When I.S. 201 opened in September, 1966—segregated, with no meaningful educational program, and with a white principal—parents protested and picketed. The principal requested a transfer. Then I.S. 201 teachers, Negro and white, walked out, claiming that the transfer was a forced one; the board reinstated the principal. Ultimately he was transferred, however, and today a Negro, Mrs. Beryl Banfield, is acting principal. In the face of the board's do-nothing intentions, parents began stressing demands for "quality segregated education" rather than integration.

Last winter, after the Board of Education had finally agreed to consider decentralization for the district, an I.S. 201 group including David Spencer, president of the Parents' Association, met with two education consultants, Professors Sol Gordon and Harry Gottesfeld of Yeshiva University, to draw up a plan. At the insistence of the two professors, the United Federation of Teachers (UFT) was drawn into the discussions.

Out of these discussions evolved a plan for a two-year experimental program. It provided for an I.S. 201 governing board composed of ten parents and five teachers, to be elected by the local parents and teachers respectively; five community representatives, to be selected by the parent members; and one supervisors' representative. After completing a training period, this board would have the power to select a full-time paid administrator to hire and fire teachers and to set educational goals and standards—a power that the Board of Education had been exercising. The four feeder schools were to become part of the More Effective Schools (MES) program sponsored by the UFT and already in effect in twenty-one schools throughout the city. MES, which would bring smaller classes and increased educational services to the district, was to be paid for by the Board of Education. The decentralization plan also provided that Yeshiva University, as consultant to the project, set up a Learn-

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ing Center for youngsters with reading problems and a Learning Laboratory to examine the educational problems of ghetto children.

The UFT carried substantially the same program to Ocean Hill-Brownsville, where a steering committee of parents and teachers at Junior High 178 (destined to be displaced this winter by the new I.S. 55 and a new elementary school) was insisting on a new educational approach and a "community voice" in school affairs. Apparently anxious to see decentralization tried also in a more heterogeneous school district, Mario Fantani, a Ford Foundation executive and executive secretary of the Bundy panel, suggested the idea to representatives of the Two Bridges Neighborhood Council who had approached the foundation seeking money for continuing anti-poverty and educational projects. Ford funded the planning and promotional phase for all three decentralization districts, putting up $135,000 in all.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION accepted the proposals for decentralization of the three districts, but it balked at the MES and Yeshiva educational projects. "The board made it clear that it would not come up with the money necessary to implement our educational plans," Professor Gordon of Yeshiva told me. Some idea of the extra expense involved may be glimpsed by comparing the per-pupil cost in the experimental More Effective Schools ($915) with the estimated city-wide average of $485. As I have been told repeatedly by participants in all three model school districts, the Board of Education favored the experiments —but on the cheap.

The board's attitude embittered many parents, especially those involved in the earliest stages of planning. Mrs. Mary L. Bailey, chairman of the I.S. 201 planning committee, put it bluntly: "We voted for the Yeshiva proposal, and that is not what we got. Yeshiva is no longer involved, and we didn't get MES." Decentralization could proceed, but "quality education" could wait.

With the Ford Foundation funds, planning committees began promoting decentralization in the three districts. In I.S. 201 and Ocean Hill-Brownsville, would-be voters were registered during the summer for the election of parent representatives on the governing boards. Parents were paid to canvass other parents, mimeograph machines rolled out leaflets, and sound trucks blared pleas for participation.

The results, on the whole, were disappointing. In Ocean Hill-Brownsville, 3,500 parents registered out of approximately twelve thousand who were eligible, and only 1,100 turned out to vote on a rainy day in August. "If you say that's not representative," I was told by Walter Lynch, who was elected to the governing board, "our defense is that it was a larger number than in any primary ever held in this area." At I.S. 201, 354 parents voted in November out of 1,200 who had registered. The registration effort was hampered in both districts by the Board of Education's refusal to let the canvassers use the board's list of parents' names and addresses. The Two Bridges election was not held until December 12. For that one, the board authorized the use

of parents' names as a voting list; 1,914 turned out to vote.

Once elected, the Ocean Hill-Brownsville governing board appointed Rhody McCoy, a forty-four-year-old Negro with nineteen years' experience as a teacher of socially maladjusted children and at the time an assistant principal in a city school, as unit administrator, a $20,000-a-year post paid by the Board of Education. Although Two Bridges had not yet elected a board, its planning committee, during the summer, brought in a forty-year-old professor of education at Long Island University, John Bremer, to serve as an education director. The newly elected Two Bridges governing board is expected to confirm his appointment as unit administrator.

At I.S. 201, the elected parents have yet to select the five community representatives who are to sit on the board, and no unit administrator has been picked. Community factionalism may have slowed down developments there. Much of the summer reportedly was given over to infighting between MEND and HARYOU, two powerful anti-poverty agencies in the community. There also is intense rivalry between Negro and Puerto Rican leaders.

Teachers and Turmoil

All three districts ran into varying degrees of teacher trouble—intense in I.S. 201 and Ocean Hill-Brownsville, less so in Two Bridges. Dissatisfied parents blamed teachers for not educating their children; black-power advocates intimated that all would be well if only black teachers taught black children. Teachers were accused of bigotry and incompetence. Teacher-parent meetings became shouting matches. UFT chapters began urging teachers to boycott the election of teacher representatives to the district governing boards. Parents charged that the union was out to sabotage decentralization.

Parent-teacher animosities increased in the fall when teachers walked out of all the city schools in a two-week-long dispute over a new union contract. Attempts were made in the three model districts to break the strike, but they were not successful. Only a minority of the three districts' Negro teachers crossed the picket lines, and attempts to run classes with parents filling in as teachers failed. During the walkout, there were some nasty incidents in the districts, nearly all verbal. Teachers at I.S. 201 who participated in the walkout were told by a planning committee consultant that they would face "in-depth screening" on their return to work. Fearing a purge, many teachers were understandably panicky. Only an appeal by UFT President Albert Shanker averted a mass exodus of the 490 Ocean Hill-Brownsville

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teachers at the end of the walkout.

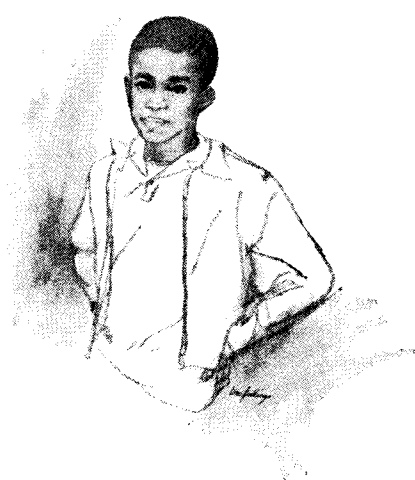
Relations between the teachers and their new boards remain strained, but they have eased considerably since the early part of the school year. I got the feeling that most of the people involved on both sides were trying to cool things down. Though I.S. 201 governing board member David Spencer told me, "Teachers should be challenged; if they don't do a job, changes must be made," he quickly added, "We're not trying to put anybody out." One reason for the conciliatory mood is the limited availability of qualified teachers. Though I.S. 201 received more than four hundred applications from teachers all over the country—probably because of the publicity given to the community's fight with the Board of Education—only twenty were placed this school year. Some of the new teachers have quit already, and I.S. 201 remained understaffed.

In Ocean Hill-Brownsville, when Rhody McCoy appointed one Puerto Rican, one white, and three Negro principals, many of his teachers were dismayed and seventeen of the eighteen assistant principals (all white) requested transfers. "Black power take-over!" and "They're destroying the merit system!" were the outcries heard from those who resented the fact that McCoy made his appointments from state certification lists rather than from the Board of Education's "eligible" lists. (There are few if any Negroes or Puerto Ricans on the board's list.) But an anticipated purge simply did not materialize. "We have no intention of screening teachers," McCoy told me. "We will exercise the same prerogatives that superintendents and principals have at any other school in the city of New York [in appraising teacher performance]. We'll see to it that they are transferred out [if warranted] only after due process." As for the teachers, they apparently have gotten over their pique. A UFT representative told me with a hint of surprise: "McCoy's appointments were pretty good; our people like them."

Ocean Hill-Brownsville, as one might expect of any slum area, has a high teacher turnover. At least sixty new teachers were hired last fall. And, McCoy told me, "They weren't all black." Twenty-five per cent of them transferred in at their own request, and none have quit.

While the proponents of decentralization place great stress on the salutary effects of parent participation and community involvement, I judge from my admittedly brief observation of the three model school districts that a great deal depends upon the choice of a competent administrator. Both McCoy and Bremer are refreshingly free from the jargon and the inhibitions characteristic of school bureaucrats and superintendents. The improved atmosphere in Ocean Hill-Brownsville is directly attributable to McCoy and his aides. Bremer's deft handling of two sets of warring parents has forestalled a breakdown in the decentralization of Two Bridges. On the other hand, some of I.S. 201's difficulties stem from the absence of a firm executive hand.

Still, none of the model school districts is home free yet. "For three months," McCoy told me, "we've been in a state of persistent anxiety." That mood is common to all three districts and has the same root cause. "We've got all the ingredients for a meaningful change right here in



this district," McCoy asserted. "But the question is, How much longer do you expect these people to string along? The faculty asks, Where are the innovations, the new curriculum? But I'm not the local government. Every dime was spent before we came into existence. I'm not saying that decentralization means more money, but it does mean control over money. If the money is controlled already, we're not decentralized."

Money is the Achilles' heel of decentralization. The Board of Education clearly has not been generous with the model school districts. Some people believe that there is enough money available to do the job without having to rely on the board. Florence Thau, a teacher at P.S. 133 and a member of the I.S. 201 governing board, argued, "I don't think money is going to be such a terrible problem. They can get Title I and Title III money [Federal funds earmarked for supportive educational projects]. There's always the Ford Foundation. Many private foundations are interested in funding." She believes that money will be forthcoming for an improved curriculum in I.S. 201—the Madison Math project and courses in Afro-American history, for instance—along with added medical and physical health services in the schools. Two Bridges already relies on Title I funds to employ parents already trained by an anti-poverty project as reading assistants in the schools. However, as Sandra Feldman of the UFT pointed out, "Such funds cannot be used to change school structure or for fundamental educational programs." Moreover, while foundations are useful sources of money for launching projects, they are not reliable sources for continuing programs over the long haul.

The present Board of Education isn't going to do much to improve the situation, since it probably figures that its days are numbered. And, to be fair, the board considers that it is testing decentralization—that is, a structural change—rather than a program of compensatory education. Still, the board's treatment of the model school districts gives weight to an overlooked warning in the Bundy report: "Reorganization will not give New York City the additional funds it needs to improve schools in all parts of the city." Unless money is forthcoming. I am afraid that one must agree with Albert Shanker of the UFT: "To turn over a starved school system to local control is merely a political tactic to shift blame for inevitable failure on a powerless local leadership from responsible city and state officials."

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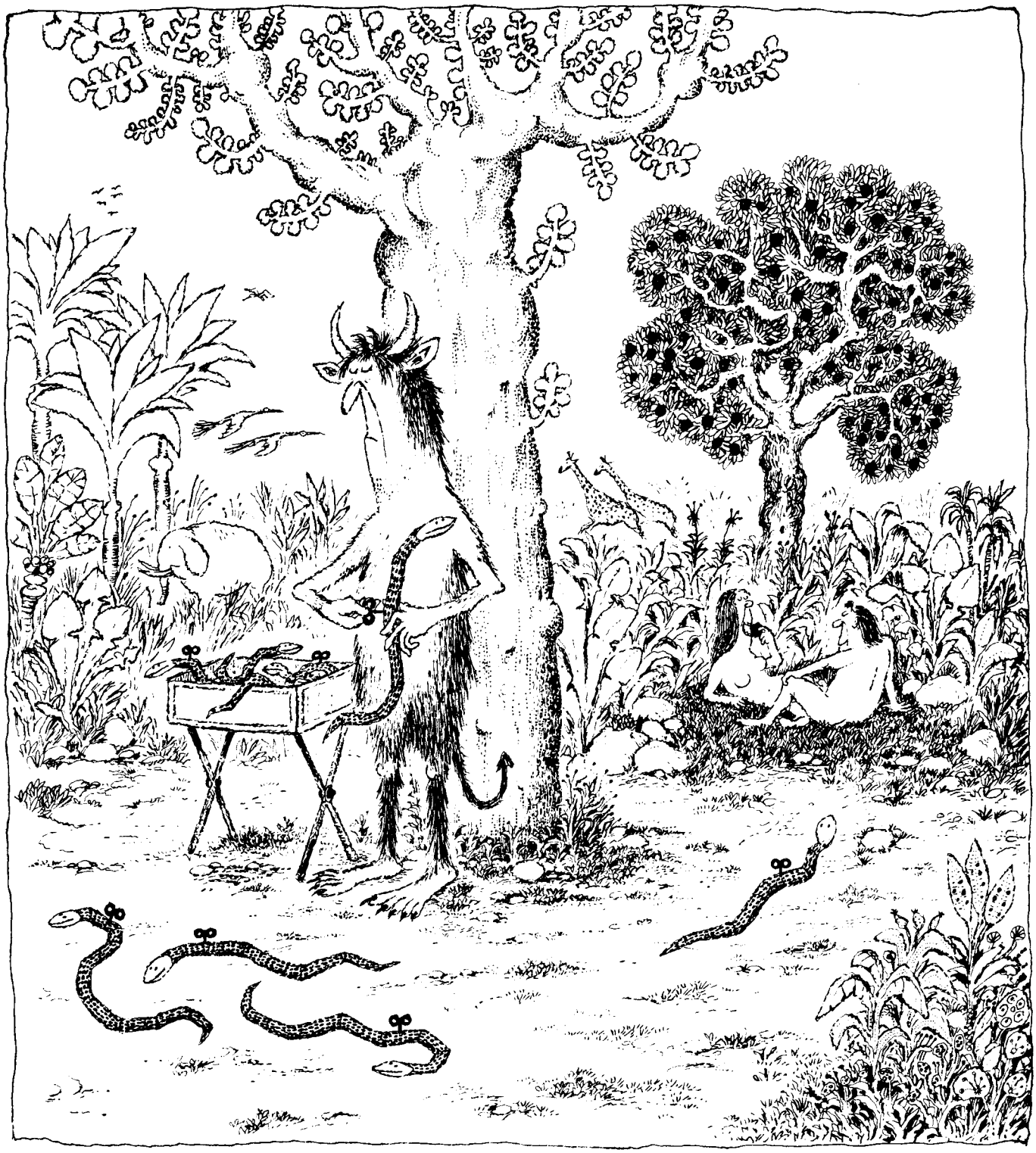

By Fernando Krahn

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Australia's Defense Role After Harold Holt

DENIS WARNER

CANBERRA

As the planes bringing Presidents, princes, and Prime Ministers flowed in from throughout the Pacific, Australians who had scoffed when Harold Holt in his first days in office had pledged to go all the way with L.B.J. and to whom Asia was still remote and unknown suddenly began to understand where the Prime Minister who had disappeared so tragically had helped to lead them. Holt did not initiate Australia's forward policy in Asia or the complementary alliance with the United States, but to both he gave unprecedented impetus and direction. To reverse course now would not merely be difficult; it would also be political suicide if any party were to attempt it. If President Johnson had any doubts on this point they were dispelled in his talks in Canberra with caretaker Prime Minister John McEwen, aspiring Liberal Party candidates for the leadership, and even Gough Whitlam, whose successful leadership of the Labor Party is likely to depend in substantial part on the knowledge that the American alliance has become an article of Australian faith.

This is not to suggest that the momentum Holt established will always be fully maintained. As Britain moves ever faster toward the Southeast Asian fire exits, a paralysis of will threatens some of the people most urgently concerned that the power gap should not be filled or exploited by hostile forces. It almost seems that if the Singapore base is indispensable, as some allied military planners insist, then Britain, the departing custodian, is irreplaceable. This is scarcely the case; yet there is no gainsaying that Britain's withdrawal, under whatever timetable that may be dictated by post-devaluation economic pressures, has presented its friends with a difficult dilemma. The solution will involve costly efforts which none of them seem ready to take and which, it can be argued, might be self-defeating anyway.

To suggestions that Australia missed the boat by failing to grab Britain's offer to help create a substitute combined base in Australia, officials here have a ready if not wholly convincing reply: "Since the Singapore government was more than happy to see the base maintained, what advantage was there to be found in creating an Australian base? Such a move, if made at the expense of Singapore, would have tended to undermine, rather than to strengthen, regional security."

Another argument is that Britain's withdrawal from East of Suez is merely one expression of its deep-seated historical change in world view and that nothing, including a commitment to Australia and New Zealand and military bases wherever, would drag it into a major Asian war again.

Both arguments, it seems to me, miss the point. A combined British-Australian base would also have involved some sort of forward bases in Singapore and Malaysia and therefore a continuing contribution to the general stability in the much wider area where the U.S. presence is the primary foreign element in preserving Far Eastern security all the way from the Sea of Japan to the Gulf of Siam. Moreover, the worth of Britain's contribution to regional stability cannot be assessed simply on what its contribution might be in a hypothetical war situation or whether, for instance, it would ever use its nuclear power except in its own defense at home, but on the deterrent effect of its presence. The essential function of a military base is the prevention rather than the prosecution of war. In any event, some sort of continuing, if heavily scaled down, British-Australian-New Zealand arrangement in support of two Commonwealth countries, Singapore and Malaysia, would have been a happier solution than the present impasse, in which it is by no means sure that Australia and New Zealand would be well advised to try to step into Britain's shoes, even if they were interested in such a proposition.

Fears and Inhibitions

The current inaction has many causes. Among them are the limitations on defense expenditure that the Australian government is determined to maintain, regional sensitivities and suspicions, a general inability or unwillingness to assess Southeast Asia in its post-Vietnam perspective, and the confusing ambiguities and ambivalences in Southeast Asian national policies. For instance, Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore was forthright in his insistence in Washington that the United States should have the will to stay the course in Vietnam, though this did not deter him from making an unequivocal declaration of neutrality on his return or from

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taking off for Phnom Penh to embrace Prince Norodom Sihanouk of Cambodia, who chose the occasion to be at his anti-American worst. That this is good domestic politics is not easy to explain outside the area. Nor does it make for easy defense planning on the part of external friends.

Every Southeast Asian country is threatened to some degree or other by armed Communist insurgency inspired, and in various ways assisted, by Peking or Hanoi or both. It is this fear of armed insurgency, of "becoming another Vietnam," rather than any thought that China is likely to become overtly aggressive and to march south, that concerns them all. However, despite a healthy new interest in the less sophisticated aspects of regional co-operation, there is nothing like a common defense policy in prospect.

The three countries most immediately affected by the British withdrawal are Indonesia, Malaysia, and Singapore. Although national policies have changed significantly in Indonesia since the fall of the Sukarno régime, with the Peking-Djakarta axis now buried and even diplomatic relations with China suspended, not all of what used to be regarded as Sukarnoism has been scrapped. Anti-imperialism and anti-colonialism were articles of national faith long before they were exploited by Sukarno or the Indonesian Communist Party. Thus, while the Singaporeans and Malaysians are sorry to see the British go, the Indonesians are glad. Regional defense, the Indonesians say, should be in regional hands. Foreign bases merely encourage what they are intended to deter. In the Indonesian view, therefore, ASEAN, the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (Indonesia, Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, and the Philippines), should be appropriately shaped to meet regional defense responsibilities. However, far from wanting to become partners with Indonesia in a tightly regional collective defense arrangement, both Singapore and Malaysia fear that one day U.S. arms to help the Suharto government defend itself against Communist insurgency may be turned against them. Nor are Australia and New Zealand rushing to embrace the idea of an inner Commonwealth club defense arrangement underpinned, if only inferentially, by the U.S. Seventh Fleet.

To placate Malaysian and Singaporean hopes without offending Indonesia is one reason for caution here. After the unhappy experiences of the Sukarno era, Australia, acutely conscious of the border the two countries now share in New Guinea and of Indonesia's possible future role as either a bridge for or a barrier against any military threat from the north, is making a bid for closer ties with Djakarta. It has increased its modest economic-aid program and is actively encouraging trade relations. Adam Malik, the Indonesian Foreign Minister, will visit Canberra early this year. His own attitude to the visit reflects the current relationship between the two countries. "It will be a social call," he told an aide. "We have no problems with Australia."

Australia, which wants to keep it that way, will not lightly take any step that, while it might assuage

Malaysian and Singaporean defense anxieties, could irritate Indonesia. Australian defense aid to Singapore and Malaysia for 1967-1968 is likely to total about $7 million, and when the Vietnam War ends an additional battalion of troops may be available to reinforce whatever remains of the Commonwealth Strategic Reserve in Malaysia; but the development of a formal inner-ring Southeast Asian Commonwealth club with Australia presiding is not contemplated.

Many factors other than Indonesian sensitivities have, of course, entered into recent Australian defense deliberations. Some of these are directly relevant to the broad problems, while others are less creditably associated with the realities of domestic political life. To the former category belong the future of SEATO (the United States, Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand, Pakistan, the Philippines, and Thailand) and the problems that are now beginning to emerge within the island chain stretching from Timor in the northwest through New Guinea, New Britain, New Ireland, the Solomons, and New Caledonia to Fiji. For the rest, it is a matter of balancing defense spending against social welfare and other domestic issues that will need attention since the death of Harold Holt if the new government is to establish sufficient public support to win the next election.

As regional alliances go, SEATO from its earliest days was far from ideal. Only three Asian powers were willing to join, and it was always difficult to avoid the suspicion that Pakistan became a member only in the expectation of obtaining some support in its perennial quarrel with India. France, which had all but ceased to have any direct Asian interest when the treaty organization was set up, hung like an albatross around its neck. Britain joined unenthusiastically, and its presence was as much designed to keep a restraining hand on U.S. actions as to lend support. The effect is that contingency plans drawn up for precisely the sort of situation that exists in Vietnam have been left in the pigeonholes.

Thinking here is now running on the lines that a broader treaty organization based on the Manila Powers (the United States, South Vietnam, South Korea, the Philippines, Thailand, Australia, and New Zealand) may emerge after the Vietnam War. Such an organization would give tangible form to the implicit Vietnam alliance, a concept that presumably precludes the idea of any sort of negotiated treaty remotely acceptable to Hanoi and the National Liberation Front. For this reason, if for no other, it can scarcely be given official airing before the war is over. In any event, unless it is expanded to include Malaysia and perhaps Singapore, and unless some way,

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which is far from clear at the moment, can be found to reconcile it with Indonesian concepts of regional defense, it would be premature to believe that this will take care of the new vulnerabilities in the southern tier of Southeast Asia precipitated by the British withdrawal.

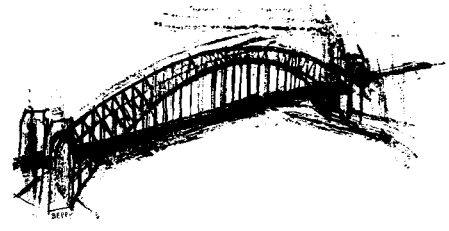
From Gallipoli to Saigon

What is clear is that Washington's hopes of Australia's playing a substantially bigger role in the region show little sign of early realization. Holt was quite convinced that the government had reached the ceiling in per capita defense expenditure, and other cabinet ministers have said publicly that the limit also has been reached on the Australian military levels in Vietnam. Being all the way with L.B.J. before the 1966 Australian elections was a figure of speech that Holt used to conjure up the importance of the American alliance for the electorate. But until the President's flight to Melbourne last month for the Holt memorial service so dramatically emphasized the U.S.-Australian relationship, Mr. Johnson was distant from the thoughts of the Australian voter. Even now Vietnam is hardly a vote winner; handouts for pensioners are more in the government's thoughts than the complex problems of regional defense. Until the next general election, which must be held no later than early 1969, domestic politics will be very much to the fore and defense as far to the rear as circumstances in Vietnam and elsewhere in the region will permit.

This is not a new development. Under Sir Robert Menzies, the Liberal-Country Party coalition government treated defense as if it were a hypothetical question. Everything hinged on Australia's relationships with its "great and good friends," the United States and Britain. Contributions to the common effort from the almost minuscule defense forces were tokens intended to show the flag—and non-American and non-British white faces. It was Holt's political misfortune to take office at a time when one great and good friend was backing away from both Southeast Asia and its assurances, and the other was looking for something more than tokens.

To Holt's credit, the defense forces are now in better shape than they have ever been in times of peace or undeclared war. It nevertheless remains true that, despite the increases, Australia is overextended militarily in Southeast Asia. As Bruce Grant, one of the more highly respected critics, wrote recently: "We do not ourselves have the power to hold [this military posture] nor sufficiently close or compelling political relations with our neighbors to transform into regional security co-operation."

By increasing the size of the Australian task force in Vietnam to the equivalent of a brigade, Canberra appears to have satisfied Washington's immediate desire for a more tangible and effective contribution to the war. Nor is there any doubt that the government regards this as



a significant effort. It is not, however, an effort that bears comparison with the enlistment of 400,000 volunteers for service in the Middle East and Europe during the First World War from a population of only five million or the dispatching of four divisions to the Middle East and Malaya between 1939 and 1941.

The government argues privately that the Vietnam contingent is incomparably better armed and trained than previous expeditionary forces, that the situation is different now because there has been no formal declaration of war, and that any major diversion of manpower into the armed forces by voluntary enlistment, if it were possible, would have a crippling effect on the expanding economy, which is in itself contributing to the stability and security of the region. It might also add that since a rush to the colors in Britain's interests in 1914 and 1939 did not buy permanent British defense insurance, there is no reason to suppose that a greater contribution in Vietnam would ensure lasting U.S. guarantees.

These arguments, and those which take account of the sensitivity of the Southeast Asian scene, are valid enough so far as they go. Less reassuring is the lack of any apparent sense of official urgency. When Britain announced its intention to pull out of Southeast Asia, Holt told a press conference that he hoped this would convince many Australians that they didn't live in a lotus land. "We can't defend an attitude of working forty-five weeks a year and forty hours a week," he said. "Australians cannot indefinitely go on doing less and getting more."

But Holt shied away from the austerities implicit in these comments. With most of southern Australia suffering from one of the worst droughts on record and farm exports hurt both by Britain's devaluation and the government's sound but nonetheless courageous decision not to devalue the Australian dollar, he was under political pressure to offer more lotus, not less. This will be true of whatever successor is chosen to replace John McEwen, the leader of the Country Party and Deputy Prime Minister, whose interim appointment as Holt's successor is likely to last only until the Liberal Party, the senior partner in the coalition, has met to elect its own leader.

HOLT'S DEATH has, in fact, created a political hiatus. McEwen, in announcing that he will step down from the Prime Ministership as soon as the Liberals have elected a new leader, also said bluntly that neither he nor his party would serve in a coalition government if the Liberals elected William McMahon, the treasurer, as their new leader. How the parliamentary Liberals will react to this ultimatum when nominations are received on January 9 will become clear only when the votes are cast, but the contest has suddenly become wide open. If McMahon fails, the coalition will face its sharpest internal troubles since it won from Labor in 1949. If he wins, Australia seems set for a period of non-government followed by an early election. At a time, therefore, when the situation demands bold thinking if not bold action, Australia seems apt to fall back on an attitude of wait and see.

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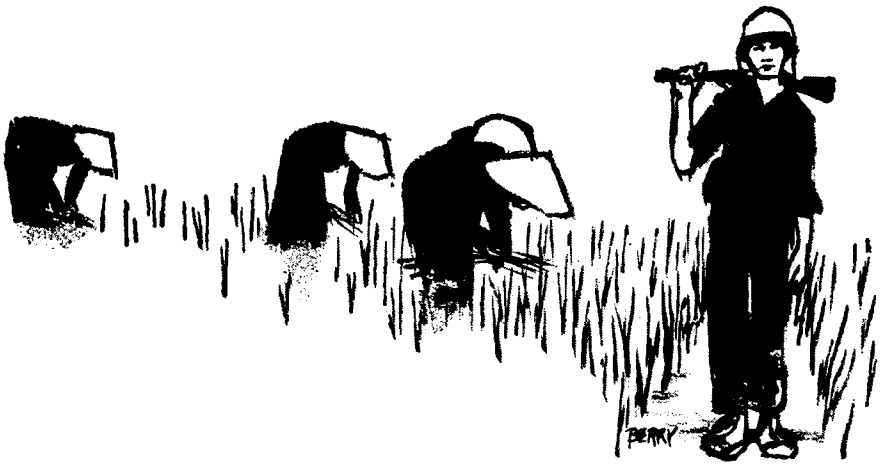

How Hanoi Controls The Vietcong

JOSEPH H. WEISS

ONE of the most controversial aspects of the Vietnam War concerns the nature of who guides the Vietcong in South Vietnam and how this control is exercised. The issue is whether the conflict is a "liberation" struggle spontaneously ignited and led by South Vietnamese patriots who group themselves in the National Liberation Front (NLF), or whether it is a result of the expansionist and militant policies of Vietnam's Communists, North and South, with the Lao Dong Party of Hanoi at their head.

This question has been answered variously and sometimes misleadingly, but despite the difficulties imposed by the clandestine nature of the Vietcong hierarchy, information gathered in the past year clarifies the picture. This information indicates that the real locus of power for the Vietcong is in the Central Office for South Vietnam (COSVN), which is all but identical with the Central Committee of the People's Revolutionary Party (PRP), the Communist Party in South Vietnam. The NLF, it appears, is largely irrelevant —a front in more ways than one.

The most significant point that emerges from the body of recently accumulated information is that COSVN was originally and is currently staffed for the most part by either alternate or full members of the Lao Dong Party's Central Committee. It is these men, not the publicly proclaimed leaders of the NLF, who direct and control the Vietcong, under the leadership of the Lao Dong headquarters in Hanoi.

The Secret Members

Apparently the present version of the COSVN organization was founded in late 1961 by the Lao Dong Party in order to co-ordinate and direct more effectively the total Communist effort in the South. The way was reportedly paved in Hanoi at the Lao Dong Party's Third National Congress during September, 1960. About twelve South and Central Vietnamese were then secretly named as members of the party's Central Committee and charged with the mission of establishing the Central Office for South Vietnam. Hanoi has not acknowledged that these members were added to the Central Committee, or that some of the publicly listed members have been in South Vietnam for a number of years.

The Central Office has about twenty-five to thirty members and is subdivided into a variety of political and military agencies (e.g., the Current Affairs Committee, Military Affairs Committee, a logistics organ, a finance committee, etc.) which provide the necessary backbone and support for the Vietcong.

Although details on the men who run the Central Office are hard to come by, the senior party member in the South since the death of General Nguyen Chi Thanh last summer is Nguyen Van Muoi, the recognized COSVN secretary, who is also known by two aliases, Muoi Cuc and Muoi Ut. Northern born and Southern bred, Muoi is an old-time party revolutionary in his fifties. He was active in the Vietminh and was secretary of the Communist Party's branch in the region south of Saigon, moving to Cambodia after the 1954 Geneva settlement. He returned around 1960, and it is assumed that he became secretary of COSVN at the time of its formation. Muoi is said to be one of those named secretly to the Lao Dong Party Central Committee and reportedly became a member of that party's Politburo early in 1967.

Perhaps the most frustrating experience for anybody who has closely studied the clandestine Vietcong hierarchy is the problem of making sense out of a multitude of code names and pseudonyms. By laborious checking, nevertheless, a number of the generals and political officers of COSVN have been identified, although only limited biographical data are available. All, however, are veteran members of the Lao Dong. Some were active in the Communist movement in South Vietnam before the formation of the Central Office, while others came later from the North.

In this context, the case of Tran Nam Trung, the publicly acknowledged Vietcong military commander who is listed on NLF charts as a Presidium member and chairman of the Front's Military Affairs Commission, is one of the most striking illustrations of the Lao Dong's clandestine and diversionary methods. Tran Nam Trung does not exist as an individual: his name goes with the job of the chairman of the Military Affairs Commission. At least two and maybe three North Vietnamese Army generals (Tran Van Tra, Tran Luong, and possibly Le Van Tien) have been Tran Nam Trung. The photograph of Tran Nam Trung released by the

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NLF and Hanoi and subsequently reproduced in scores of publications has recently been identified as that of North Vietnamese Army General Tran Luong, a member of the Lao Dong Party Central Committee.

THE TIES between the Lao Dong and the People's Revolutionary Party in South Vietnam are fairly well documented. The view that there is only one Communist Party in all Vietnam and that the PRP is merely the Southern branch is not only subscribed to by non-Communist observers but, as captured secret documents reveal, is also adhered to by the Vietnamese Communists themselves. One important and authentic captured document, the resolution of the Central Office for South Vietnam dated March, 1966, and classified top secret by the Vietcong, says in so many words that COSVN—or the PRP Central Committee—is the "Southern branch of the party . . . [which] is closely led by the party Central Committee." Moreover, another passage from the resolution restates this in a way that virtually confirms that COSVN is subordinate to and part of Hanoi's interlocking party machinery: "We have the correct domestic and foreign policies of a Marxist-Leninist party. We possess a Central Committee which is clear-sighted, sound both in revolutionary theory and experience, and which is headed by Chairman Ho."

The method and manner of the Lao Dong Party's articulation of control of the situation through its Southern office headquarters is best illustrated in the handling of the party's annual policy statement on the general situation in the South. In the last quarter of the year, the Lao Dong Party Politburo and Central Committee meet in plenary session to analyze the situation and provide general policy guidance to the South in the form of an annual resolution. This resolution is then transmitted to the Central Office for South Vietnam, which in turn convenes a congress of its own in order to endorse the general policy guidelines of the Lao Dong Party Central Committee. Subsequently, COSVN produces, usually in the first quarter of the year, its own more detailed annual resolution, which contains directives relating to specific factors of the Southern situation.

From the many significant documents captured during 1967, it is possible to delineate more precisely the division of responsibilities between the Central Committee in the North and COSVN in the South and the National Liberation Front. The major policy decisions, such as the negotiations issue, bloc relations, diplomatic and international affairs, general war policy, and important party and Front policies, are handled by the Northern-based Central Committee and Politburo. COSVN's role is more tactically oriented and it might possess a veto option on military decisions. The NLF, whose leadership includes COSVN personalities, provides the ideologically necessary united-front façade and a channel for communications with the outside. Moreover, the presence of Lao Dong leaders among the Vietcong keeps Hanoi constantly on top of the situation.

The Consequences of Control

That the party has been the guiding and chief force in the Vietcong movement in the past and in the present is beyond dispute. Various contentions follow from this, such as: whether the party only recently became more overt in the South; whether it subsequently swallowed up the NLF because of the intensity of the conflict; and whether, as a result, Northerners came into greater prominence in the Vietcong hierarchy.

In view of the intensity of the conflict, the party may well have tightened up on the NLF in the last two to three years, but the available information reveals that the Front is not an independent body but has always been under the party's direction. Members of the party, not of the Front, are and have been the key men in the Vietcong, at the COSVN, regional, provincial, district, village, and hamlet levels. Although it is true that Northerners represent an increasing percentage of Vietcong combatants and cadres, the hope that it might be possible to divide the Southerners from the aggressive Northerners is probably vain. Regional conflicts do persist, but from the highest Vietcong echelons down, and particularly at the COSVN level, Vietcong party members, be they Northerners, Centralists, or Southerners, act and think on the basis of the party's missions and goals and not on the basis of their regional affiliations.

The political implications of the Hanoi party's control of the Vietcong at all levels are significant for the negotiations issue. The role of the NLF in any settlement is firmly embodied in the third point of North Vietnam's Four Points, which states that the internal affairs of South Vietnam must be settled by the South Vietnamese themselves, in accordance with the program of the National Liberation Front. From this follows the demand that the Front be recognized as "the sole genuine representative of the South Vietnamese people," and that, accordingly, negotiations be held with the Front and a political settlement be based on the August, 1967, NLF political program. However, any objective assessment of the data makes it apparent that the impotent NLF is not the major factor in the Vietcong movement. That factor is and has been the Central Office for South Vietnam.

Individuals and states that urge recognition of and negotiation with the NLF apparently assume that the Front is an independent body possessing power and authority for making decisions. This power and authority, however, are shown by all available evidence to reside in Hanoi, which operates primarily through COSVN.

ON THE practical level, this poses problems for those who urge dealing with the NLF. On the military side, with whom should the allied commanders meet to discuss a cease-fire? With Tran Nam Trung, the alleged Vietcong commander, who does not exist and who is merely the pseudonym of a middle-ranking general of the North Vietnamese Army? On the political side, with whom do the allied political leaders discuss the nature of a settlement? With the rather obscure collection of personalities, most of whom are covert or overt members of the Lao Dong Party Central Committee, who staff the Central Office for South Vietnam on orders from Hanoi?

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Slavery: The Crime The World Ignores

NOEL MOSTERT

LONDON

IT MAY COME as a shock to some, but slavery exists in some thirty countries and is apt to continue to survive in many of them for a long time to come. The true odium of the word has always been associated with what is known as chattel slavery—the ownership of men, women, and their children by individuals. Somehow one believed that it had all passed away more than a century ago, during that thirty-year span between Wilberforce's abolition bill in 1833 and the end of the American Civil War.

The place to find out the extent to which mankind still puts some of its own in bondage is the Anti-Slavery Society, which has its offices on a grimy street down near Victoria Station in London. The existence of the Society itself is a surprise, the living relic of the great age of liberal reform. Having provided William Wilberforce with the essential facts that enabled him to push through the bill for the abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire, it disbanded in the belief that its job was done. But in 1839 it re-formed to fight slavery beyond the Empire. It has never dropped its vigilance, which must leave it few equals for sheer persistence. Practically everything the world knows and learns about slavery emanates from those musty, very nineteenth-century premises on Vauxhall Bridge Road.

Slavery is legal, openly practiced, and freely admitted in only one country, the Persian Gulf sultanate of Muscat and Oman. (There, the present Sultan, Said bin Taimur, says simply that things will continue as they always have while he's in power and that he'll have no truck with liberal western notions.) But the Society noted a threefold increase in chattel slavery between 1947 and 1962, which it ascribed mainly to the purchasing power provided by big oil revenues in the Middle East. Saudi Arabia officially abolished slavery on November 6, 1962, but it is believed to persist in that country and, aside from Muscat and Oman, to be very much an institution still in other Gulf states, the Yemen, and parts of South Arabia.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY refuses to make an estimate of the number of slaves in the world today. "Nobody in his senses would give a figure without qualifying it," Colonel Patrick Montgomery, the Society's secretary, told me. "In a number of countries where slavery exists there has never been a census. Since most countries where slavery exists don't admit it, how can anybody else know what goes on?" Yet, somehow, the Society does seem to get to know. If one goes by its own many reports and by those put before the U.N., then a reasonable guess would be that the enslaved are numbered in millions—anywhere up to five million, and possibly more.

The Society accepts the U.N.'s definition of five categories of slavery: chattel slavery, serfdom, debt bondage, the exploitation of children and of child labor, and certain servile forms of marriage. Despite its dedication to the eradication of slavery, it is realistic about the institution and compassionate in its understanding of the circumstances. It concedes, for example, that in some areas such as the Arabian Peninsula, slaves are often a privileged group and sometimes even envied by others for their relative security.

"On principle we object to all forms of slavery," said Colonel Montgomery, "but in practice of course the thing has to be regarded intelligently. It is difficult, for example, to condemn slavery in countries where it is inevitable and where it differs indistinguishably from the life of everybody else. What is the difference between a slave and anybody else in a community where the average diet is a handful of dates and a cupful of camel's milk per diem?"

The Society's annual operational funds amount to just over ten thousand dollars. It is a voluntary body, supported by contributions from members in eighteen countries, and is registered as a charity in Britain. It has initiated every major measure taken in the international field toward the abolition of slavery. The anti-slavery movement, which was started by the Quakers in the seventeenth century and came to full power under Wilberforce and Sir Thomas Buxton, was the first mass political movement in Britain. The Society itself was formed in 1823. In comparatively recent times, it exposed the forced labor on Léopold II of the Belgians' rubber plantations in the Congo in 1908 and a year later forced the Amazon Rubber Company in Peru to stop all operations that were based on the enslavement of Indians. It helped draft the League of Nations' Slavery Convention, and after the Second World War helped the U.N.'s Economic and Social Council name the panel of experts who drafted the U.N.'s own Supplementary Convention on Slavery in 1956. It enjoys consultative status at the Economic and Social Council and is on the International Labor Organization's Special List.

A Sore Point

Since the war the Society has been trying to get the United Nations

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to move positively and forcefully against slavery. But the U.N. has treated the subject with painful delicacy and has generally preferred to push it out of sight. The main trouble has been that the issue touches the sensitivities of many of the newly independent states, which see slavery investigations as a form of neo-colonialist prying and an attempt to discredit themselves.

Only seventy-one governments have ratified the United Nations' Convention of 1956 in which slavery and the slave trade are prohibited. In 1962 the General Assembly agreed that all countries be urged to ratify the convention. The matter since then has traveled from Assembly pillar to subcommission post. Colonel Montgomery believes that Britain, the Soviet Union, and the United States have all trod softly around the issue because they want to avoid offending partners in their various Middle Eastern and Commonwealth alliances.

The Society's endeavor has been to see the 1956 U.N. convention ratified by all and then implemented. It saw some hope when in 1964 the U.N. appointed Dr. Mohamed Awad, a distinguished Egyptian geographer and humanist, as its Special Rapporteur on Slavery. Dr. Awad sent a questionnaire on slavery to all members, but only seventy-eight replied. Awad has estimated that there are from two million to four million slaves in the world, but he recognizes that this is a figure drawn from limited information. He has indicated that some of the U.N.'s members had something to hide, and recommended in his report that a committee of experts be formed to give assistance to countries that wished to rid themselves of vestigial slavery.

INNOCUOUS though the Awad report sounds, its progress was tortuous. It was first delayed because not enough translations had been provided. It came up again in July, 1966, before the Economic and Social Council in Geneva. The Anti-Slavery Society, wholly in accord with Awad's recommendations, attended this meeting in force because, as it explained in its annual report for 1967, ". . . history has shown that no international agreement on slavery has ever been observed except when an international authority has been empowered to supervise and facilitate its operation and, second, that so specialized a subject involving clandestine practices requires that a continuous study be made of it and that a permanent deposit of knowledge and experience exist at the United Nations, as in the case of narcotics."

The Society's annual report added, "Our first task was thus to find a delegation willing to sponsor a resolution urging the adoption of the Special Rapporteur's recommendations. This we were unable to do."

The Awad recommendations ran into objections that they would cost too much ($74,000 a year) and action was delayed again. The Tanzanian delegate insisted that apartheid was the only form of contemporary slavery and that this would be the only aspect to be dealt with by the U.N. in the future. But the Council at least decided to refer the question to the Human Rights Commission, which in March last year passed it in turn to its Subcommission on Prevention of Discrimination and Protection of Minorities.

The Anti-Slavery Society did feel that it had at least earned something from the debate preceding the latter move—the American delegate paid tribute to its efforts and described it as ". . . the eyes and ears and conscience of mankind."

The subcommission provided a surprise. In October it passed a resolution requesting the Human Rights Commission to recommend to the Economic and Social Council that the subcommission be authorized to study measures that could be taken against states that have failed to observe the conventions on slavery. It asked authorization to consider the possibilities of international police action to punish slave traders. It wanted Awad's list of experts established and asked the Secretary General to get delinquent governments to complete Awad's questionnaire, and also to appoint "one or more" officers in the Human Rights Division to study slavery and the slave trade exclusively. The subcommission concluded by announcing its decision to keep the item on its agenda "until slavery and the slave trade, in all their practices and manifestations, have been eliminated from the world."

For the Society, this at last was the appropriate official sentiment. It remains to be seen how far the subcommission will get with its requests and recommendations and its own purposeful persistence.

Surviving Strongholds

The pattern of the slave trade is the age-old one. The source is still mainly Africa, the essential difference being that the routes of the slave traders now run eastward instead of westward. The Sudan, Ethiopia, and the former French West African countries used to be among the main sources of slaves, but all have tightened their anti-slavery efforts during the past ten years. Mauretania, Cameroun, Nigeria, Algeria, and Sierra Leone have been among the sources in recent years. Victims are kidnapped, or sometimes sold by their families to provide food for the other members. Sometimes they are simply members of a tribe in some remote area that has been subjected by a stronger tribe.

The Society has gathered evidence of new slave routes. The old routes went from Northern Nigeria to Lake Chad and then to the Sudan and on to the Middle East. There is reason to believe that slave routes from West Africa to the Mediterranean coast not used since the 1930's have recently been reopened.

The economy of Mauretania remains dependent on slavery, Colonel Montgomery told me. A former secretary of the Society estimated that there were between twenty thousand and forty thousand slaves among the country's one million inhabitants. In 1966 a European ambassador to a West African country advised the Society that slavery remained an integral part of the social order in Mauretania and that it created a demand that extended beyond the country's frontiers—men and women were bought and sold, and separated from their children. A movement of slaves has been reported between the southwest Sahara regions of Algeria and Mauretania. Three years ago a young Frenchman made an estimate of at least two thousand slaves in Algeria's Tamanrasset area.

Cameroun became independent in

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1960 but, as with so many of the developing African states, the central government, though opposed to slavery, is powerless to extend its sway over the outer regions of the country. But in any event the Cameroun government says it is prevented from interfering in the affairs of a northern region, Rei-Bouba, where slavery continues undisturbed because of a treaty signed in 1916 between the French and the traditional ruler there, the Lamido. The treaty gave the Lamido complete freedom in his domestic affairs for his services against the Germans in the First World War. The agreement was inherited by his son, whose support the central government has needed in elections. Slavery continues openly and the Lamido himself owns several thousand. Children are separated from mothers and women slaves are transferred to another man if their unions, which are arranged by the Lamido, are childless.

Slave trading is also extensively practiced in the interior of Sierra Leone; the purchasing area is a belt some three hundred miles from the coast. The price of a male slave at present is about six hundred pounds, depending on his strength; it is "rather less" for a woman, depending on her beauty. Children are sold at a still lower price. Prices increase at each resale on the route toward the Middle East, which remains the principal market. Court cases in Freetown have also revealed that slaves were bought to be used for human sacrifices by tribes in the interior.

The Society is now awaiting details from recent eyewitnesses of slavery in Ethiopia. One witness saw Ethiopian horsemen surround a village and take away for the slave trade "a large proportion" of the boys and girls.

Slavers drop their cargoes at several points along the Arabian coast. There is no longer any open slave market in Saudi Arabia, and the Society gives King Faisal full credit for meaning what he said when he banned slaveowning in 1962. But slavery persists clandestinely. It is too early to say to what extent Faisal's decree has affected the business, since information is slow to emerge and slaveowners and buyers are more secretive than ever.

In Turkey last year a Society correspondent reported that in every town he visited, he found a brothel whose inmates had no freedom or rights of any kind and appeared "completely abject." He described the brothel area of Ankara as being representative: ". . . surrounded by a high wall pierced by a doorway less than three feet wide guarded by uniformed men, police or soldiers, who also patrolled the interior, which was brilliantly lit until 3 A.M. to facilitate the maintenance of public order. The area contained forty houses, each holding ten or twelve girls." He was especially appalled by the size of the crowd of waiting clients, which numbered not hundreds but thousands.

There are other reports from Lebanon, Singapore, and South America, where efforts by the Brazilian and Colombian governments, for example, have not yet succeeded in stamping out the enslavement of Indians in remote areas. Among reports from the Far East, the Society received one last year of slavery in Mindanao in the Philippines. Slavery was common in the Moro province of Lanao, although strictly prohibited by law. The Philippine Constabulary were doing all they could to stamp it out but were greatly hindered by the attitude of the local Muslim population, who approved of the system.

While recognizing the social and administrative difficulties involved in stamping out slavery in many of these countries, the Society says this merely points up more forcefully the need for U.N. action, particularly in educating communities away from slavery. It also shows the need for more information. Nowadays when they run into slavery, most travelers prefer to keep quiet for fear of making themselves unpopular with the governments concerned. Diplomats don't talk, nor do businessmen shopping for new markets, oil contractors hunting concessions, or even missionaries whose aim, as the Society delicately puts it, is "long term." All have become skilled in looking the other way.

The Society informant in Turkey wouldn't let his name be used because it would implicate his interpreter-guide, who was a civil servant. The eyewitness of the slave raiding in Ethiopia was employed by a specialized agency and would not make a report for fear of losing his job. A doctor of medicine and philosophy who had witnessed the enslavement of an African tribe refused to allow his evidence to be used because it would be traced to him and probably prevent him from continuing his medical work for the victimized tribe. And so on, and on, in case after case.

The Society takes it all in stride. As Colonel Montgomery told me: "Our function is comparable to water dropping on a stone. We hasten the power of evolution infinitesimally. But if we do that, our job is done."

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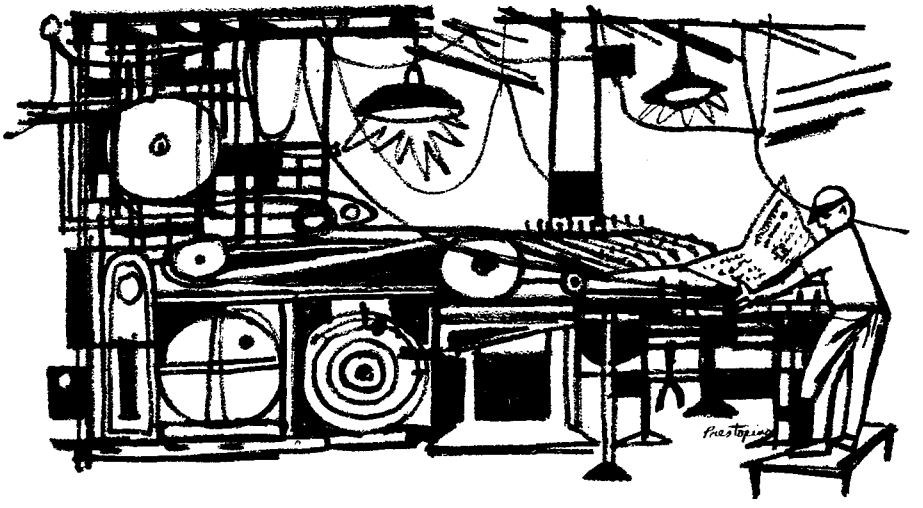

Detroit's Press Profiteers

WILLIAM SERRIN and GENE GOLTZ

DETROIT

THIS CITY, in the throes of its fourth newspaper strike since 1955, has spawned a new industry: professional strike papers making handsome profits and locally called the Vulture Press. Among those cashing in are a few influential members of Teamsters Local 372, which shut down the afternoon Detroit *News* on November 15 and caused the city's only other daily, the morning *Free Press,* to follow a publishers' agreement and close too. Nearly three months before the strike was called, these Teamsters had begun planning with a suburban publisher to bring out a strike daily, the *Express.* A few days after the shutdown, the *Express* and two other strike dailies were publishing with a combined circulation of about 455,000. (The *News* and *Free Press* had been selling 1,300,000 copies daily.)

If the strike is a long one—and the Vulture Press operators are hoping it will be—the fly-by-night papers may divide a jackpot approaching a million dollars. This estimate is based on the earnings of the *Daily Press,* a strike sheet started on credit by a college student and some of his friends, which cleared more than $500,000 during the then record 134-day pressmen's walkout in 1964. Then, the *Daily Press* relied for distribution on the services of a Teamster member named Frank M. Quinn, a *News* employee. This time the *Daily Press* is back, but Quinn and eight other *News* Teamsters helped organize the rival *Express* in hopes of getting a bigger share of the booty.

Quinn's drivers follow the distribution patterns of the *News,* a coincidence that moved the *News* to file suit in Circuit court for $175,000 damages, charging Quinn and his drivers, along with the publisher of the *Express,* with conspiracy and pirating of its confidential circulation lists. So far no answer has been filed. The attention of investigators of the U.S. Department of Labor has also been called to the strike. Almost to a man, publishing officials of the *News* and *Free Press* believe that the strike was encouraged by this same group.

In early November it seemed that the strike could be averted. Clare O'Connor, the aging president of Local 372, was known to oppose a walkout, and Elton Schade, the union's twenty-six-year-old secretary-treasurer, had said a reasonable offer would satisfy demands for a wage increase. The *News* offered $12.25 over two years and the Federal mediator, William Rogers, said that he considered this four per cent raise reasonable. Yet five hours after the negotiating session ended on November 15, Schade, who is bucking hard to become a power in the International Teamsters Union, now weakened by the jailing of James Hoffa, led the local to a 361-to-50 strike vote. Reportedly, the voices of Quinn and his friends were influential in building sympathy for a strike.

The vote caught the *News* management by surprise, but it found Quinn well prepared. For months he had been carrying on discussions with Frank Beaumont, publisher of the suburban Wyandotte *Herald.* In a city with a history of newspaper strikes, that was only sound business, the two men maintain. While Quinn lined up Teamsters to deliver a strike paper, Beaumont was arranging for Sunday comics, recruiting an editorial staff, and ordering telephones and the Reuters wire service installed in a vacant used-car office in Wyandotte. William Sudomier, an ex-*Free Press* employee who is now editor of the *Express,* was telling *Free Press* reporters, "I know there's going to be a strike, and a long one." Several days before the walkout, he was handing out assignments to men chosen to work for the *Express. Free Press* advertising salesmen were wooed in a downtown motel.

Most of the editorial and advertising staffers came from the *Free Press.* The *News* kept its editors and salesmen on the payroll, mainly because they are non-union and the *News* wants to keep them out of the American Newspaper Guild.

The Easy Buck

Three strike papers started up in November—the *Daily Press,* the *Express,* and the *Dispatch* (a fourth, the *Daily Times,* folded before publication). The *Daily Press,* without the services of a national news wire, invented one. Staffers put together national and international stories by rewriting the New York *Times* and updating leads from news broadcasts. It also invented Washington and London bureaus and a correspondent in Vietnam, "Reginald Dubois," who by-lined reports on the battle for Hill 875. "I liked the idea of having an English first name and a French last one," the deskman who created Dubois told

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friends. The *Daily Press* has a press run of about 170,000 copies and sells about 144,000 at ten cents each; the paper's gross is about $26,000 a day.

The *Express* is a racy offset daily that accurately calls itself "Michigan's Largest Newspaper." It prints 240,000 copies, sells about 180,000 at ten cents each, and grosses around $20,000 a day. Typical of its style, a story about deaths in Colombia caused by rat poison in bread flour was accompanied by a sidebar headlined "It Could Happen Here." The paper also dusted off a story on prostitution that had appeared in less rakish form three years earlier in the *Free Press*. The *Dispatch,* weakest of the three with a circulation of under 45,000, concentrates on crime. It has an almost 1930-ish ring: one headline read, "Hunt Bank Yeggs."

All of these papers owe a debt to Michael Dworkin, who is studying for a doctorate in economics at the University of Michigan. It was he who had the idea of starting the *Daily Press* during the 1964 strike. Together with four young businessmen and with the help of Quinn and a group of Teamsters (now nicknamed "The Dirty Dozen," though there are only nine of them), Dworkin put out the paper for seventeen weeks. At first they paid low wages, with promises of scale wages and bonuses if they were successful. They were, and they eventually paid bonuses as large as $2,500. Quinn and his group, reliable sources affirm, made more than $250,000 in 1964.

The paper became almost big-time in its coverage. It sent a reporter on the Goldwater campaign circuit, another to cover the Vatican Council in Rome, and a third to Washington for the release of the Warren Commission Report. With no real competition and no employee benefits such as insurance or vacations to worry about, the *Daily Press* waxed fat. Dworkin, who likes to wear white turtle-necked sweaters and dark glasses, bought himself a Jaguar sports car. And with $500,000 in profits, the partners looked around for other Vulture Press opportunities.

In 1965, when the Baltimore papers were shut down for six weeks, Dworkin and his partners founded the Baltimore *Daily Tribune*. Their union contracts were faulty, however; their employees were roughed up, and the paper folded after four days with an estimated $50,000 loss. They also investigated the possibilities in New York when strike rumors flew in late 1965 but decided against taking the plunge. Still, enough of their profits from the 1964 Detroit strike was in the bank for them to be ready to roll when the latest strike was called.

Crucial to the operation of the strike papers has been the role of the Teamsters who provide distribution. The alliance of Quinn and his *News* Teamsters with the *Express* has limited the *Press's* circulation. The *News* drivers cover more territory and are more aggressive. Dworkin had to deal with *Free Press* drivers, who are accustomed to handling fewer papers. In the case of the *Express,* Beaumont sells his papers at the loading dock to Quinn and his partners, organized as Metro Publishers, for four cents a copy. Quinn sells his papers to news vendors at six cents a copy, grossing Metro $3,600 a day.

A NUMBER of factors that have damaged and sometimes killed dozens of American newspapers are present in the Detroit strike. On the heels of the Teamsters strike, contracts ran out with most of the other newspaper unions late in November. Forced to negotiate twenty contracts with fourteen unions, the publishers concede that future negotiations will be difficult, though a Teamsters settlement would doubtless set the pattern for the industry. Automation hangs over many of the craft-union workers like a threatening cloud; change must come, but the unions continue to resist and to strike.

In other industries, such as automobile manufacturing, companies negotiate contracts with a single union for scores of job classifications from janitors to white-collar men. But no one person in the newspaper unions is able to speak for all employees as Walter Reuther does for the auto workers. Furthermore, neither the publishers nor the unions want compulsory arbitration, and the unions deplore any talk of a strong labor council that would be empowered to negotiate a single contract.

Oddly, the pressure for a settlement this time has come from the Teamsters International, which is concerned about the union's image. When talk spread through Detroit that certain local members were making big money off the strike, Frank Fitzsimmons, James Hoffa's regent, flew into Detroit to look into the situation. Responsibility for negotiations has shifted increasingly from Schade to Robert Holmes, an international vice-president and a protégé of the incarcerated Hoffa. Holmes was piqued not only by the walkout (the union has never been strike-prone) but also because the nominal leader of Local 372, Clare O'Connor, had let power shift to Schade.

But Holmes, recognizing Schade's powers, has had to tread warily. In late December, with the strike six weeks old, Holmes succeeded at negotiation sessions in having a publisher's wage offer of six per cent over three years put to a vote of the Teamster local. But, with Schade still holding out for a higher settlement, the offer went to the members with no recommendation from the leadership.

For Schade, striking a newspaper is hardly different from striking a cartage company. He has apparently relished the spotlight of television interviews and his public role during the strike. He is said to believe it will boost his ambitions for leadership in the union. "I want Hoffa's job," he once said, "without Hoffa's stupid mistakes." But O'Connor has said: "There is a great danger that strikes like this will bring the government down on our necks. Newspapers will be declared a public utility, and strikes against them will be illegal."

Meanwhile, the walkout and lockout have idled some 4,300 employees at the two papers, with only a couple of hundred editorial workers and four hundred Teamsters finding jobs on the strike papers. The unemployed Teamsters pick up only $15 a week in strike benefits, doled out personally by Schade. Many may suffer, but meanwhile Schade's star is rising and the Vulture Press operators are getting rich.

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The Debt

DEE PANOS

MR. TAXPER closed and locked the rococo door of his Lexington Avenue gift shop. It was late at night and he was exhausted, but at least the inventory was finished. He must remember tomorrow to reorder those Ming tree lamps which were selling so well.

A cold wind was coming up and lowering clouds threatened momentarily to disgorge themselves. He pulled his overcoat tighter against the gusts and bore forward. He paid no attention to the dark-coated figure approaching but stopped short in alarm when the man put a hand on his shoulder. He was sure it was a holdup, but the man only pushed a small folded paper into his gloved hand wordlessly and drifted past. Mr. Taxper felt relief, and a great curiosity as to what the note contained. He hurried to his apartment, removed his gloves, and drew the paper out. He read, "You are hereby notified that you have an indebtedness of $1,306.54, now due and payable. Remit to P.O. Box 0001, New York 10001." The message was mimeographed except for the amount, which was typewritten.

"Some stupid practical joke," said Mr. Taxper. He dropped the note on his desk and went to bed.

Next day he mentioned the encounter to his clerk, Mrs. Lancaster, who said it was most curious but certainly nothing to be concerned about. He agreed, and dismissed the incident.

Until two weeks later. It was midnight, and he had finally gone to bed with a bad headache, the result of several fruitless hours spent trying to balance the week's accounts. The moonlight poured in the open window of his bedroom. Sitting up in bed, he could see its glare on the white tiles of the courtyard. He got up to pull the shade and get another aspirin. His heart jumped when a dark figure loomed suddenly outside the window. A dark-sleeved arm reached inside and a slip of paper drifted to the floor. "Hey, you!" Mr. Taxper yelled, but the figure had vanished. His mind whirled as he unfolded the paper: "Your payment of $1,306.54 is now overdue and subject to collection by due process."

"Due process of what, for crissake!" He spent the rest of the night trying to sleep, only to be shaken repeatedly into wide-eyed wakefulness by fantastic nightmares.

The next morning, he telephoned to report the incidents to the police. "Can you describe the man?" asked the sergeant when he had finished his story.

"I never got a good look at him. He was about average height and build—wore a dark hat and overcoat."

"I'm afraid there's nothing much we can do with no more than that to go on. Besides, he probably won't bother you again."

"How do you know? Suppose he tries to rob the store?" Mr. Taxper was outraged at the officer's casualness.

"He won't rob your store," said the sergeant in a tone of restrained exasperation.

"Well, I'd like to know what makes you so sure! I insist you send a man to patrol the place—tonight!"

"Okay, okay, relax. What's the address?" and he wrote it down.

But the policeman never arrived, and when Mr. Taxper phoned the station they insisted there was no record of his having called before and they knew nothing about the matter. For a moment he sat with open mouth, telephone in hand. Then he replaced the receiver. "What's the use?" he muttered. He resolved to forget the matter.

BUT it was not the end. When Mr. Taxper received his bank statement at the end of the month, he discovered that on May 5 the sum of $1,306.54 had been withdrawn from his account. He rushed down to the bank. The teller checked the records and found that sure enough a check payable to Cash and *with his signature* had been presented and paid on May 5. He was allowed to examine the check—there was his name all right, and in his handwriting.

"It's a forgery!" he stormed. "I never drew out that money!" The teller listened politely. "Very well, Mr. Taxper. We'll have an expert examine the signature. You may call back tomorrow. Please don't upset yourself."

Mr. Taxper swallowed a string of invective and stalked out of the bank. He poured out his indignation to Mrs. Lancaster, who didn't help

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matters any by saying soothingly, "Now, now, Mr. Taxper, don't upset yourself."

The bank reported the following day that the signature was indeed his and refused to be further concerned. He began to think that perhaps he was going mad. Perhaps he *had* withdrawn the money during some sort of amnesia, but where was it? He stood for a moment in terror—of course he had done no such thing, and he had better watch it or he *would* go batty.

But what did it all mean? Who was that man, and what was the explanation of the two notices and the odd amount; the exact sum withdrawn from his account by a forger, and no one willing to take the matter seriously? He was sure the police would take no action since the bank had verified the signature as his, but he had to find out what he could. Obviously, someone was perpetrating some kind of racket, and getting away with it, outrageous as it seemed.

His inquiry at the post office elicited an address for P.O. Box 0001, although it could or would not tell him the name of the owner, which seemed odd. But at least he had something concrete to investigate—*if* the address existed.

It did. He drove his Volkswagen to a large concrete-block building. Inside, the directory listed "Accounting," "Finance," "Legal," and a half dozen other equally ambiguously titled departments. A self-service elevator took him to "Information" on the second floor. He found himself in a smallish room where two men in shirt sleeves and a woman were working in a cage. He walked to the window and stood there a moment, but no one seemed to have noticed him. "I beg your pardon," he said, and one of the men came to the window. Mr. Taxper had decided on his approach. "Could you please tell me the name of this organization?"

The man looked at him for a moment. "Well—uh—would you please be seated? Someone will be with you in a moment."

Mr. Taxper took a chair and waited. Twenty minutes later he again presented himself at the window, this time with the two notes in hand. "These were handed to me by a total stranger. They contain your box number, and I'd like an explanation."

The man glanced at the papers. "Ah, yes. Would you please take those to Room 1304? The elevator is on your right."

In Room 1304 Mr. Taxper was again asked to wait, and was eventually handed a four-page "Application for Information" to fill out. It included everything from his mother's maiden name to his party affiliation to his specific whereabouts for the past five years.

"Now just a minute!" he exploded. "How about answering one simple question: '*What's the name of this outfit*?' "

The clerk smiled politely. "We will be glad to help you when you have completed the necessary papers."

Mr. Taxper swore inwardly, and determined to see the thing through. It took him an hour to complete the questionnaire, which he took to the window. The clerk sent him with it

to Room 832, where he was again asked to wait. He waited. After another hour the man motioned to him. "This will have to be referred to our central office. You will be contacted by mail when you are to appear again."

Mr. Taxper was speechless with frustration and anger.

"Sorry, sir, we're closing now," said the clerk. He ushered Mr. Taxper out the door and closed it decisively. Mr. Taxper went home, badly shaken.

Three weeks passed, and as he had half expected, he heard nothing. But he could not force himself to go back to that building.

Finally he determined to put the matter out of his mind. The loss of the money was unfortunate but no catastrophe, as his profits had been mounting steadily (and he'd better start keeping his mind on his business or this would never continue). It had been a fantastic and disturbing episode, but at least it was finished.

The months passed, and at last the experience ceased to torment him. The shop was doing so well that he had begun to look for larger accommodations and a second clerk. By next April he had a new location, a larger stock, and a pretty French girl, newly arrived in the country, to assist Mrs. Lancaster.

Danielle proved to be an interesting addition to his life as well as an asset to the business. Never having been much of a ladies' man, he was pleased and flattered when it became obvious that she looked forward to his daily visits to the shop. Ignoring Mrs. Lancaster's disapproving stares, he began taking Danielle to the Green Goblin across the street for a martini every afternoon at four. Life suddenly was much more interesting, and he realized he had been missing something. He thought it would be fun to show her New York.

Walking home late one night, he tried to decide whether a boat ride around Manhattan or an evening at the Copacabana would be more suitable for a first date. It was occurring to him that perhaps he had better not try to compete with Harry Belafonte, the Copa's current attraction, for Danielle's attention on the first date.

It took him a moment to identify the familiar-looking figure walking toward him. Fear began to creep like ice through his veins when he recognized the man who had accosted him a year ago—the same dark hat and topcoat. "Oh, no!" whispered Mr. Taxper, terrified, and turned to run. He was not quick enough. A heavy hand on his shoulder held him firm. Stunned, he watched the man's other arm come up, accepted robot-like the paper handed him, and watched silently as he walked past. His hands were shaking as he unfolded the paper and flicked on his cigarette lighter. He stared blankly at the message: "You are hereby notified that you have an indebtedness of $2,550.20, now due and payable. Remit to P.O. Box 0001, New York 10001."

Mr. Taxper stared helplessly around him like a trapped animal.

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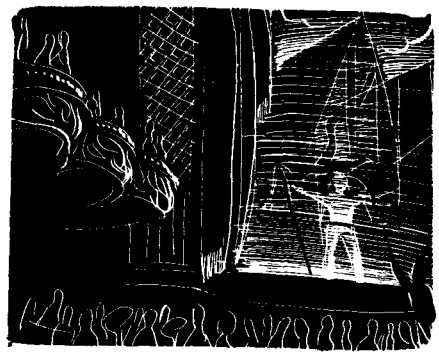

What Kind of Fool Am I?

GERALD WEALES

THE REVIVAL of *The Little Foxes* at Lincoln Center, like last year's *Dinner at Eight* on Broadway, was a flashy all-star (using the word "star" loosely) production, sloppily performed and ineptly directed, working against the best qualities of Lillian Hellman's play. Ridiculously overpraised, it became the occasion for still another pointless round-table discussion in the drama section of the New York *Times*, a gathering of critics, directors, and actors maundering about whether or not it signaled the end of an attempt to form a genuine company at the Center. The discussion was printed just as the APA Repertory Company was beginning its eighth season, its third at the Lyceum. Although that company has changed over the years, it has managed a continuity—primarily through Ellis Rabb as artistic director—that has given it a personality of its own. It has built a regular audience that knows it can expect a program in which there is variety and in which each of the plays has a value of its own. This season's first two plays, Michel de Ghelderode's *Pantagleize* and George Kelly's *The Show-Off*, fulfill that expectation.

There is a band of loyal APA fans who think that the company can do no wrong, but most of its admirers have been willing to settle for less than perfect performances of interesting plays so long as boredom has been kept at bay. Not that perfection is not desirable, not that the APA could not be a great deal better than it is, but an acting company is a living organism which, at its happiest, is constantly checked by an audience that mixes affection and critical demands. The APA is healthier than Lincoln Center in part because it is approached with a request ("Show me") instead of a dare ("Show me!"). Still, a few more demands would be appropriate (why should an audience applaud when Helen Hayes makes an obvious acting point?). Let the paragraphs that follow be taken as the affectionate criticism of an undemonstrative admirer.

A PRODUCTION of *Pantagleize*, reasonably faithful to the original and imaginative enough to attract an audience, is an achievement, simply because it finally brings to the New York theatre a major modern playwright whose work has been neglected in this country except on university campuses. An idiosyncratic dramatist preoccupied with the corruption and innocence of man, Ghelderode mixes genres, hides subtle psychological points at the center of flamboyant theatrical gestures, is unbelievably gentle and unbearably gross. Having turned away in embarrassment from amateur productions of *Escurial* and *The Women at the Tomb*, I know how much Ghelderode demands of his actors and his audience. *Pantagleize* is probably the best introduction to his work. Not only is it one of his best plays, but it is more accessible than other works of that quality—*Chronicles of Hell* and *Hop, Signor!* (which had a disastrous production off-Broadway a few years ago)—which plunge the audience into an almost tactile world of Gothic putrescence.

Pantagleize, "A Farce to Make You Sad," as the subtitle says, is a fable about the clown, the innocent who walks unscathed through all kinds of danger. Pantagleize is an articulate clown, capable of mockery and of love, in the specific rather than the general sense. His responses are sensitive, but they are reactions to the apparent rather than the actual, the surface rather than the substance of an event or a person. A poet of sorts, he takes metaphor as fact, sees death as sleep. A chance phrase of his sets off a revolution and he wanders unharmed in and out of the slapstick violence, in which comic revolutionaries battle the buffoons of the status quo. Ghelderode's play is about the world, however, not about the idea of innocence; so in the end his fool must die. Distrusting all institutions, respecting neither revolution nor its targets, Ghelderode presents a political farce that turns ugly; however ridiculous a man may be, give him a gun to hold or a firing squad to command and he becomes dangerous. Only Pantagleize, unfailingly polite and elegantly unruffled, remains untouched, baffled by what has happened but assuming that he can simply walk away from the chaos. Until the bullets cut him down.

WHAT a production of *Pantagleize* most needs is an effective performer in the lead. The APA has one in Ellis Rabb, particularly toward the end of the play. Physically, he is fine. Tall, lean, dressed all in white, he moves on the stage as though there were a pocket of air between him and the other characters, that unbridgeable gap which makes their delusions—the delusions of the real world—incomprehensible to him. In the last scene, he embodies the pathos that Ghelderode presumably wanted, but not the horror. The problem, I think, lies in the early scenes. Although Rabb plays the fool, sometimes marvelously well, there is about him—about his eyes, I think—something that suggests the end long before it comes. The play will be effectively horrible only if the audience is forced to shift from broad farce to ghastliness. Rabb's performance would be much strong-

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er if he were a more conventional fool early in the play. The transition in tone should take place in the scene with the dead Rachel, but that would be possible only if he were to play to the dead girl throughout the scene and not, as he does, only at the end of it.

One of Rabb's problems in the early scenes may be the scenes themselves, but as co-director (with John Houseman), those, too, are his responsibility. Although the second act is funny and inventive (what a fine idea to turn the soldiers into a tap-dancing line), the farce in the first act is not working. The directors are not taking advantage of all the possibilities for parody that Ghelderode has provided them, and they fail to turn the Ghelderode stereotypes loose in all their comic obviousness.

In fact, they have cut the play too enthusiastically, removing material which apparently seems too blatant to them (General MacBoom's military metaphors, which are straight out of nineteenth-century farce) or which might obscure the central line of the drama. Despite its shortcomings, the APA *Pantagleize* is a moving and funny play (particularly in the second act), attractively staged and generally well acted, making a political point which—when audiences become more familiar with Ghelderode—will be recognized as a theological one as well.

LIKE *Pantagleize, The Show-Off* is a play that depends on its central character for its effectiveness. One of the difficulties with this APA production is that the director, Stephen Porter, has misunderstood which character is central. It is not Mrs. Fisher, although she probably has the most lines, but the titular show-off, Aubrey Piper. Kelly's play does several things at once, and in only one of them—a family portrait, accurate in its vernacular, its querulousness, its affection—is Mrs. Fisher the important character. Even here, she should remain in the family and not become, as Helen Hayes too often does, a star comic turn, double-taking her way into laughs at the expense of the milieu.

The best example comes in the second act, in the scene where Mrs. Fisher learns that her husband is in the hospital. Her concern, expressed directly in only a line or two, goes underground, hiding beneath her determination to dress properly to go to the hospital and then in her exasperation at Aubrey, who has chosen this moment to have an automobile accident. Since Aubrey is a comic character, a combination of Major Hoople and Babbitt, who cannot quit talking, this is a comic scene for him (he says of the policeman he ran over, "He was faking a broken arm around there when I left"), but not for Mrs. Fisher. Aubrey is a familiar target for her, something to attack that is more understandable than the unbeatable opponent waiting down there at the hospital. It is a marvelous scene for an actress, for Mrs. Fisher needs to convey the fact of death and her helplessness in the face of it to an audience that cannot help laughing at Aubrey. Miss Hayes, alas, matches Aubrey laugh for laugh.

Outmatches, as a matter of fact, because Clayton Corzatte is a remarkably weak Aubrey. All that he has going for him is an infuriating laugh. He carries himself like a boy dressed up in his father's clothes, not like the ludicrous dandy Aubrey is, and he completely fails to capture Aubrey's verbal rhythm, the mixture of dated slang and illiterate elegance that suggests an uninspired W. C. Fields. He should come across as a complete horror, likable only to an audience which recognizes that it has only to laugh at him, not live with him. Lee Tracy, who bulled his way through the 1950 revival of the play, sticks in my mind as a frighteningly funny Aubrey.

That is what is necessary if a production is going to show the best side of Kelly's 1924 play. When Aubrey turns out to be triumphant at the end, having talked the steel company out of an extra $50,000 for Joe's invention, *The Show-Off* becomes a social satire. It starts out by making fun of a standard American type, all blow and bluster, but when Aubrey wins, it is the society, particularly the business world, that becomes the target. *The Show-Off* is a success story to make the flesh creep, but the APA is playing it as though it were as amiable as *You Can't Take It With You*, their last happier venture into the American theatrical past.

Dear Lady

I have sent you, under separate cover, Love.
This gift may never get through (unsure
postage, the holiday rush), but if it does,
don't open it or attempt to discover contents.

Keep it boxed and tucked away somewhere.
A damp, a dry place, it doesn't matter. Under
the sink, perhaps, with soap flakes and cleaning rags,
or maybe you have space in the attic.

Anyway, don't worry for my sake. It won't perish.
And it's not the sort of thing to be taken back
or thrown away. Lady, I don't know what to say.
I never meant to send it in the first place.

—FRANK POLITE

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In Hot Water

JAY JACOBS

"SOME SEVENTY MILES east of the Colorado border, the countryside, with its dripping gray skies and murky air, has an atmosphere that is rather more Far Eastern (Pondicherry during the monsoon season might do) than Middle West. The local accent is a rich melange redolent of Tammany Hall cigars, New England bean pots, and Hollywood greasepaint."

Truman Capote did not write the foregoing passage; I did. He might have written it, however (instead of cluttering up the opening paragraph of *In Cold Blood* with a lot of inaccurate references to "hard blue skies," "desert-clear air," "an atmosphere that is rather . . . Far West," and a local accent "barbed with a prairie twang"), had Richard Brooks been on hand to show him what western Kansas was really like. As a matter of fact, he might have written an entirely different book. But he didn't, and consequently I wouldn't put too much stock, if I were you, in all the advertising that touts Mr. Brooks's film as "Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood*."

Mr. Brooks, who is responsible for both the film's screenplay and direction, approaches Capote's style about as closely as Richard Wagner's did Domenico Scarlatti's. Of course, a discrepancy of this sort isn't necessarily fatal—or even injurious—in itself; the trouble is that whereas Capote had the good sense to report an excruciatingly dramatic and suspenseful chain of events with a minimum of flap, Brooks seems to feel there is an inherent lack of drama in the content of his film, and tricks it out with all manner of overwrought imagery and symbolism in a self-defeating attempt to keep his audiences awake and concerned. The result is one of the noisiest, most predictable, and most overdirected "serious" pictures to come along in some time.

IN THE unlikely event that you have neither read nor heard about it, Capote's "nonfiction novel" had to do with the seemingly senseless murder (are there sensible murders?) of a happy, decent, and well-loved family of four—a prosperous farmer, his wife, son, and daughter—on a remote tract in the west Kansas flatlands. The killers, a couple of paroled convicts with a somewhat shaky grasp of the realities of life, kill as the book's title tells us they kill, hare off to Mexico, go broke, and return to the States, where they all but fling themselves into the waiting arms of the authorities. They are tried, condemned, and—after considerable soul-searching, self-psyching, and *recherches du temps perdu*—hanged.

Of the two malefactors (who are played in the film, and played very well indeed, by Robert Blake and Scott Wilson), Perry Smith (Blake), the maimed son of a he-man Irish

father and a promiscuous, alcoholic Cherokee mother, is by far the more fascinating character—or, in any event, was more fascinating to Capote, who relays his fascination to the reader. Nonetheless, he is not a complete personality, and neither is his partner Dick Hickock, who, like the protagonists of most novels these days, nonfiction or conventional, fears that he may not be quite the man he should be. Together, however, these two losers are able to function as a more or less complete, if somewhat unwholesome, entity.

As Capote re-created Smith and Hickock, they were complex, intelligent personalities (or semi-personalities), and the book was absorbing *as* a well-conducted probe of the complexities of the compulsive personality. Unfortunately, Mr. Brooks doesn't probe very deeply in his film, but tries instead to palm off the most superficial razzle-dazzle as penetration. In lieu of substance he unloads a bagful of technical tricks, most of them rather venerable, and none of them very effective any more: "dramatic" (i.e., fake) lighting featuring the sort of chiaroscuro that wowed 'em back in Caravaggio's day; hopped-up sound effects (e.g., tom-tom heartbeats; gunshots-turned-thunder); Highly Inventive Cutting (a small object thrown off a bridge makes a tremendous splash as dragging equipment hits the water; someone says "any crowded street," and lo! a crowded street materializes even as we watch); heavy-handed irony (Hickock swipes a pack of razor blades, just for kicks, and what do we see coyly hovering in the background but a "Shoplifters Will Be Prosecuted" sign?); and, of course, Subtle Symbolism (Perry, all bravado on the surface as gallows time draws near, is, as the old song says, "cryin' on the inside." How are we apprised of this? Through the wizardry of art, that's how: Perry stands before a window and reflected rivulets from rain on the pane course down a Slightly Wistful But Otherwise Impassive face.)

ADMITTEDLY, two hours and fourteen minutes (about an hour and a half of which seemed to be devoted to credits) isn't much time in which to conduct the sort of psychic probe Capote conducted in his book. I can't help thinking, though, that this is one film that might have benefited enormously from an extensive use of off-screen narration. I can't help thinking, too, of another recent film that took wanton slaughter as its theme; for all its superficial frivolity, how much more rigorous and demanding a film *Bonnie and Clyde* was.

In all fairness, I must say there was one element of suspense in *In Cold Blood* which didn't resolve itself until the final seconds and which induced a paroxysm of anxiety in me as I waited while it built itself up. When rope time came, *would* Perry Smith see the grizzled face of the father who had loved and rejected him beneath the hangman's hat? He would. And did. And the trap was mercifully sprung, and Perry Smith's travails and mine at long last ended.

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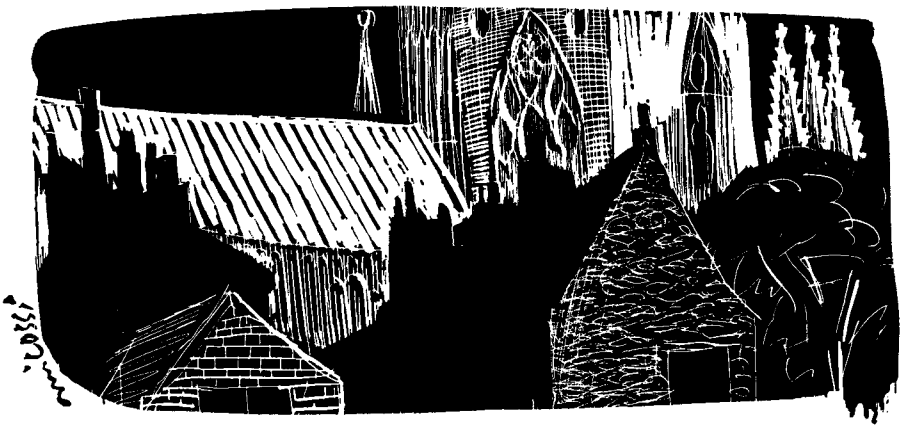
BOOKS



Church and Politics: The Protestant Debate

ERNEST W. LEFEVER

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE CHURCH? by Paul Ramsey. *Abingdon Press. $2.45.*

Thousands of Protestant laymen, including many top policymakers in Washington, were saddened by the militant words from the United States Conference on Church and Society held in Detroit last October. Sponsored by the National Council of Churches, the conference was one of a series of regional follow-ups to the 1966 World Council of Churches Conference on Church and Society held in Geneva, Switzerland. Many Protestants who have looked approvingly upon the growing interest among the churches in social questions since the Second World War were shocked by the sweeping condemnations of the Federal government, the apparent confusion between coercion under law and lawless violence, and the encouragement of civil disobedience. The Detroit conference, of course, spoke only for itself and for the National Council.

Political pronouncements have been a source of controversy among the Protestant churches ever since the Federal Council of Churches was founded in 1908. This smoldering debate has now erupted into the open with the publication of a book, *Who Speaks for the Church?*, by Paul Ramsey, a Princeton professor of religion and ethics. Ramsey delivers a fundamental attack against the substance of many Protestant political pronouncements, the process that produces them, and the assumptions that underlie them. Published shortly before the Detroit conference, the book quickly drew strong comment from the Protestant Right (the "evangelicals," who tend to be politically conservative) and the Protestant Left (the ecumenical establishment, which Ramsey calls the "Social Action curia"). The great majority of Protestants are in the pragmatic middle.

In the conservative fortnightly *Christianity Today*, editor Carl F. H. Henry called Ramsey's book "an ecumenical bombshell" and commended him for laying bare "the worst incursion of churchmen into political affairs since the Middle Ages."

In a *Christianity and Crisis* editorial, President John C. Bennett of the Union Theological Seminary in New York, a leading spokesman of the Protestant Left, defends the necessity and right of the churches to give specific advice to statesmen and sharply criticizes Ramsey's views on Vietnam and nuclear deterrence, which run counter to pronouncements of the National and World Council of Churches. Bennett says he "never understood" why Ramsey was so little worried about American "saturation bombing with napalm" in Vietnam. Ramsey replied: "Bennett discusses my conscience more than my argument. . . . I have never understood why throat-slitting and disembowelment . . . seem to worry Bennett so little."

In the ecumenical *Christian Century*, Franklin Sherman wrote that Ramsey could be called the "angry young man" of American ethics were he not "one of the most respected" scholars in the country.

THE Princeton theologian is actually neither young nor angry. A Methodist layman of fifty-four years, he has written widely and well on the relation of ethics to issues ranging from abortion to Vietnam. He is in agreement with the general direction of most National Council pronouncements on domestic social-welfare issues, but in his new book he delivers a stinging indictment of the Protestant "passion for numerous particular pronouncements" which reflect, he maintains, an ethic that confuses the proper spheres of church and state.

Ramsey's chief target is the Protestant ecumenical establishment, a group of perhaps two hundred denominational and Council secretaries of social-action and overseas missions, their executive staff colleagues, professors of ethics, and other church leaders concerned chiefly with social questions. In view of the diversity of American Protestantism, this is a remarkably cohesive and like-minded group. It is also largely self-perpetuating because its "membership" is determined far more by common interest and disposition than by any representative selection process.

Ramsey does not say that the churches should stand aloof from controversial public issues or that their leaders, individually or collectively, should remain silent in the face of social evils. On the contrary, the churches, like the private citizen, have both the obligation and the

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right to speak intelligently and responsibly. But the churches are not simply one interest group among many others. There is a significant difference. The churches and synagogues are the prime custodians, transmitters, and renewers of the deepest values of our western heritage, and statesmen have a right to expect a corresponding wisdom, perspective, and understanding from them.

Although Ramsey's book deals largely with the controversial Geneva conference, at which he was an observer-consultant, he maintains that his chief criticisms are equally applicable to the political pronouncements of Detroit and similar conferences as well as of the National Council of Churches. In two weeks, some 360 delegates at Geneva from eighty countries and 164 churches drew up and adopted more than a hundred paragraphs of "conclusions" on a bewildering variety of complex issues, all without the benefit of advance position papers. This, Ramsey submits, is not the way to "do social ethics." Under the circumstances, many statements are bound to be superficial, irrelevant, or mischievous. In contrast, Ramsey praises Vatican II because of the careful and sustained preparation that preceded the final conclusions.

The severe criticism of U.S. motives and policies abroad voiced by delegates from Communist and neutralist countries at Geneva was echoed and even sharpened by some American participants. Peter Kirk, a British M.P. and an old ecumenical hand, said this was not the first time he had seen the "remarkable American propensity for self-flagellation." John P. Roche, a special consultant to President Johnson and former ADA chairman, observed that at times the Geneva conference led one to suspect that "anti-Americanism has become a substitute for the Nicene Creed as the focus of Christian unity."

RAMSEY is far more critical of specific political advice than of vague moral admonitions. General admonitions are harmless enough, but specific advice can easily be wrong and, if followed, dangerous. He selects for detailed attention the Geneva statement asserting that U.S.

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bombing in North and South Vietnam "cannot be justified." Although it refers in passing to "the military infiltration of the South by the North," its strongest condemnation falls upon Washington, not Hanoi. The Vietnam resolution, Ramsey argues, is one-sided, scandalously imprecise, and irresponsible, and it adds to public confusion about American aims and self-restraint in a complex situation. It comes close to a moral excommunication of all Christians involved in America's unjust military presence in Vietnam.

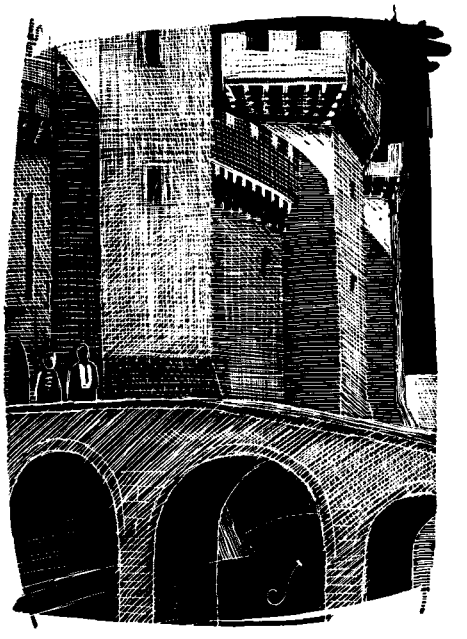
It is right for the churches to cry out against tyranny, genocide, and wars of conquest, says Ramsey, but it is wrong for them to urge that Communist China be excluded or admitted to the U.N., because on such technical judgments "there can be honest disagreement without contradicting any fundamental Christian moral principle. . . ." The strange preoccupation with seating Peking, largely abstracted from related and more important issues, is an example of how "to succeed at being prophets without really trying."

What is needed, says Ramsey, is a new social ethic that respects the classical Christian understanding of the distinct but complementary functions of church and state. The social function of the church is to clarify, enrich, and renew the values of the political community. The task of the statesman is to pursue the goals of order, justice, and freedom in the face of entrenched interests that deny them or crusading forces that would destroy them.

Dr. Alan F. Geyer, director of international relations for the Council for Christian Social Action of the United Church of Christ, accuses Ramsey of advancing "a primitive Lutheran doctrine of two separate realms of existence." Ramsey denies this, pointing out that the two realms are joined in the decisions of the Christian as statesman and in the behavior of the Christian as citizen. This translation of our values into political decisions, whether by a voter or a Secretary of State, Ramsey calls the magisterial function, a function beyond the proper competence of the church.

Ramsey would agree with Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul H. Nitze, who has said: "When our political leaders look to the public for guidance on tactical issues, or even matters of strategy, they err and are delinquent in their duty. When they ignore the essential values of the people in deciding specific tactics, they err more seriously."

Saddened by the irrelevance of most church advice on Vietnam, Dean Rusk has expressed the hope that church leaders will turn from their fascination with "day-by-day policymaking" to their fundamental social task of clarifying the requirements for a viable and just peace in Southeast Asia and the larger



world. Ramsey agrees. "Leapfrogging from one problem to another," he says, is an escape from the difficult task of rebuilding a "disintegrated" social ethic. To do this the churches will have to resist their tendency to take their cue from secular reformers and revolutionaries, and to draw more fully upon their own rich heritage of social teachings.

ANOTHER target of Ramsey's critique is the bureaucratic process which permits a small, unrepresentative minority to appear to speak for the church. The National Council of Churches, for example, has two standing policymaking bodies: the General Assembly, which meets every three years, and the General Board, which meets three times a year. These bodies represent the member churches more accurately than the occasional conferences like Geneva and Detroit, but even they are not truly representative. This should be understood, not deplored. Church leaders have a right to take controversial and unrepresentative positions, but they have a corresponding obligation to make it clear that they speak only for themselves. But, Ramsey points out, the very process of producing and publicizing Council statements embraces "a calculated ambiguity designed to give the impression that pronouncements have more authority than they actually do."

The American churches, Ramsey claims, have not done sufficient and responsible preparation in the development of position papers, especially on international questions. Some experts have been used, but in general the foreign-policy program of the National Council is "run largely by amateurs, generalists, home mission bureaucrats, and activists on domestic problems," according to a well-informed insider. "Selection from available political analysts" will be "arbitrary," says Ramsey, as long as specific advice is the aim, and will be one-sided as long as most consultants are chosen from those who tend to hew to the prevailing line.

He calls for a radically different view of the church's social ministry based upon a clear understanding of the necessities of statecraft and the limits of the churches' competence in policymaking. Acceptance of this view would mean a drastic revamping of ecclesiastical machinery so the churches could "become a community of unlimited discussion" on what "Scripture and sound reason require." There would have to be a sustained dialogue between church bureaucrats and pastors, clergy and laymen, the Protestant Left and Right, political liberals and conservatives, citizens and policymakers, amateurs and specialists—all of whom are children of the church. And, of course, there would be dialogue with Roman Catholics and non-Christians.

With the present activist mood of the Protestant establishment, there seems little chance that much of Ramsey's advice will be heeded. But his book has already become a landmark in a necessarily inconclusive debate.

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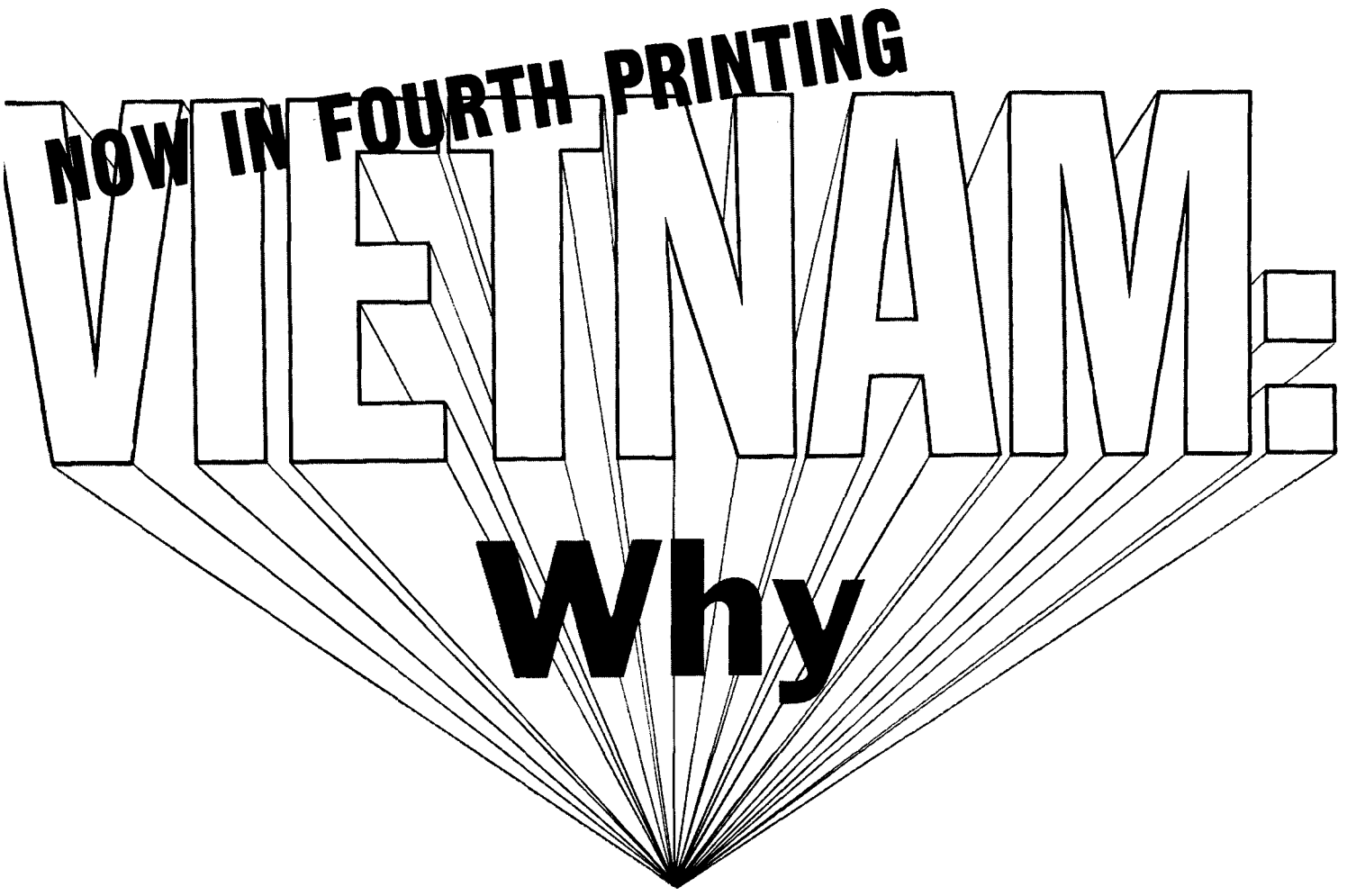

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Through Rose-Colored Glasses Darkly

ALBERT C. SCHMIDT

JOURNEY INTO THE WHIRLWIND, by Eugenia Semyonovna Ginzburg. Translated by Paul Stevenson and Max Hayward. *Harcourt, Brace and World. $6.95*

THE DESERTED HOUSE, by Lydia Chukovskaya. Translated by Aline B. Werth. *Dutton. $3.95.*

A young woman stands with her back to the wall, on a bunk in a solitary cell in the Fortress of Peter and Paul. A broken loaf of bread and a water jug are on a table near the barred window. Although she is in the bloom of life, anguish and despair speak in every line of the woman's face and figure. Her eyes are closed; her head is thrown back; her dark hair falls onto bare shoulders above a half-open mauve bodice. Below, brackish water laps at the edge of the sackcloth on which she stands, and rats crawl up toward her out of the water.

She is the adventuress known in legend-embellished history as Princess Tarakanova, pretender to the Russian throne in the reign of Catherine the Great, as portrayed by Flavitsky in a painting in the Tretyakov Gallery. Every Russian schoolgirl is familiar with this picture, a widely reproduced work redolent of nineteenth-century romanticism at its most grimly fanciful. So it comes as no surprise that the image of the doomed princess occurs to two twentieth-century Russian ladies of letters when they try to imagine what life is like in a Soviet prison. Their fancies fade rapidly when they are forced to face the reality. Concentration camps do not make for academic art; nothing in the Tretyakov gives much of an idea of Kolyma, Pot'ma, or Magadan.

Both these books are about the prewar purges in Soviet Russia. They record the progression of two young women from naïveté to bitter awareness: Eugenia Ginzburg, like Chukovskaya's heroine Olga, thinks "there must be some horrible misunderstanding" when the purge begins to touch her. "It can't happen here" is a recurrent theme in both stories. Neither woman questions the rightness of the party line, at the beginning. Like Olga, Mrs. Ginzburg is overcome by a sense of amazement, of nightmarish unreality, when events compel her to admit to herself that what is happening is indeed happening. Both Olga and Mrs. Ginzburg are mothers. And there the resemblance ends.

Mrs. Ginzburg's book is autobiographical. She narrates her personal experiences in Soviet prisons and labor camps, sparing no detail of the incessant enormities or the occasional glimpses of human kindness that are equally prevalent in literature of this genre. Her approach is panoramic; her foremost concern appears to be with abstract ideas, with ideology and party; family, friends, even the countless Anyas, Vanyas, and Galyas whom she encounters on her excruciating journey, all seem to melt into a vast background of gloom, torment, and terror. All is black, that is, until the epilogue, when she tells us that things have been set aright in the country since the recent party congresses.

THE panoramic approach has its illustrious lineage in Russian literature, from *War and Peace* to *Doctor Zhivago*. But there is another equally venerable tradition: the sharp focus, the intimately telling and quiet tale, the understatement that lingers long in the mind and makes its point after noisy battles of nations and notions have subsided. Such are the stories of Chekhov, Gogol, Leskov, and some of Bunin. Lydia Chukovskaya's little novel lies right inside this tradition, and therefore promises, at least for the present, to remain unique in a realm where the documentary form has hitherto been unchallenged.

The Deserted House derives its title from the last line of a poem by Anna Akhmatova in the cycle *Requiem*. Its meaning is clear in the

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light of another poem in the same group: "Son in prison, husband in the grave, Pray for me." Is the great poetess the prototype for Chukovskaya's protagonist, Olga Petrovna? She may well be. Akhmatova's son was imprisoned during the purge, as is Olga's son Kolya; like Olga, she spent endless months in queues waiting for news from prison officialdom. (Akhmatova's husband, the poet Gumilyov, was shot by the Bolsheviks.)

Olga Petrovna is possessed by a single overriding emotion—love for her son. Her politics, comfortably orthodox as they may be, are secondary to her concern for Kolya, who is highly praised in *Pravda* just a short while before his arrest. There is never the slightest doubt as to where her ultimate loyalty lies. Nor is there, thanks to the skill with which Chukovskaya unfolds her tale, any doubt in the reader's mind about the tragic outcome. It is only the heroine—hence the suspense—who keeps up hope until the final moment, when she realizes that Kolya is not, after all, about to be released. "Mother," he writes in an unaddressed, unstamped letter that somehow gets to her mailbox, "the investigator . . . beat and kicked me, and now I'm deaf in one ear."

The mood is almost Maupassant throughout: there are numerous echoes of *Une Vie* in this book, not the least being the poignancy of the son's letter at the end. The emphasis is on persons, never on history or society or ideas. What is new in Chukovskaya, however, and very much up to the modern mark, is a total absence of sentimentality. Like her father, the revered poet and scholar Kornei Chukovsky, she is primarily a humanist. She tells her story and nothing else. The rest is left up to the reader.

Where Ginzburg reacts, reflects, ruminates, Chukovskaya relates. The Ginzburg work is like a poster, garish and insistent in its immediate effect, while Chukovskaya's is a miniature, a monotype in subtle colors, a sketch that slowly dwindles into troublesome darkness. Though both women have been associated all their lives with literature, they look on the world with different eyes. Ginzburg tends to see reality in verbalized terms, to search for precedents and analogies and literary clues to an understanding of her own experience—Dante, Tolstoy, Dumas. Chukovskaya does not talk about literature, she creates it.

A consciousness of art always inserts itself between Ginzburg and her life. She frequently imagines herself to be playing a part in a movie; cinematographic simile is one of her favorite devices. Some of her best effects are obtained in this manner—for instance such as an unforgettable scene in Yaroslavl before the long train ride east, when the women prisoners are forced to surrender all photographs of their children. She reflects ironically that a film director would be criticized for exaggeration if he showed the guards as they were, in their heavy boots, trampling on that pile of photographs of innocent young faces in the prison yard.

Maybe she is right in supposing that it was her power of self-removal and abstraction that enabled her to survive the ordeal. Perhaps a creature of Olga Petrovna's sensibility and sensitivity would have collapsed. It was her curiosity about life, says Mrs. Ginzburg, that kept her going, a desire to see things through to the end, "including my own end." Chukovskaya's heroine is not curious about life, she just lives.

Eugenia Ginzburg is the widow of a regional party official and the mother of Soviet novelist Vasily Aksyonov, one of the most talented writers in Russia today. Aksyonov is on the editorial staff of *Yunost'*, a magazine that strayed a bit from the party line at the time of the post-Stalin thaw but does so no longer. Mrs. Ginzburg's Communist "conscience" is hard at work throughout the book, even though she is not oblivious to where its limitations lie and how it must look to others. The Social Revolutionaries and other oppositionists she meets in prison are only too glad to see the purge hit the party, to watch the Communists getting a dose of their own medicine. And once in a while her personal unpolitical conscience breaks through and makes her confront the dilemma of her own position. Occasionally she lies awake at night and ponders the unorthodoxy of her thoughts, such as "how thin the line is between high principles and blinkered intolerance, how relative are all human systems and ideologies, and how absolute the tortures which human beings inflict on one another."

And yet Mrs. Ginzburg manages, in spite of all she has witnessed and borne, to rationalize out of existence the basic question of the responsibility of party members, not to mention everybody else, for what happened under Stalin. By the same token, she evades the question of what is happening now and who is responsible for that. The hero of another recent Soviet story, Yuli Daniel's *Atonement*, asks: "And why did you sit in jail? For what? You and ninety-nine per cent of all the others? You were in prison for the sake of nothing at all. You, too, did nothing. Nothing good, nothing bad—just *nothing*."

While the Leninist ideas to which Mrs. Ginzburg still pays fealty are "lighting the world" from Moscow, her fellow writer Daniel is sitting a couple of hundred miles away in the huge slave-labor complex of Pot'ma.

A powerful book, *Journey into the Whirlwind* should be read and treasured for its shock value, as a reminder (if, after Belsen and Buchenwald, Vorkuta and Karaganda, we still need to be reminded) that the age of the *kham*—the boor triumphant, the caddish lout—prophesied by Merezhkovsky has been upon us for the past fifty years. But the ultimate moral ambiguity of its message vitiates any claim it might otherwise have had to enter the ranks of the classics of Russian protest literature. The work is peppered with apologetics for party officials who did nothing to oppose injustice and terror. Speaking, for instance, of Stalin's confidential secretary and henchman Postyshev ("we did not know then that he had shared the fate of so many others"), Mrs. Ginzburg decides that "The only course for such men as he was to preserve themselves for better times." On the other hand, in order to make the point that Stalin knew very well what was going on, she cannot avoid inculpating the underlings as well: "The naïve monarchistic notion of the kindly ruler ig-

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norant of abuses perpetrated by his officials was not one with which I felt any sympathy even at that early stage."

There is no trace of ambiguity in *The Deserted House*. And not merely because Chukovskaya declines to sermonize, complain, or philosophize. Her straightforward style is in keeping with her natural stance. In order best to recognize each in conjunction we have to look beyond the book, at the letter she wrote to Sholokhov in outraged response to a speech in which he criticized the "leniency" of the sentences passed on Sinyavsky and Daniel. According to Sholokhov, they should have been stood against the wall and shot.

"It is the business of writers," answers Lydia Chukovskaya, " 'not to prosecute, but to intercede.' This is what we are taught by Russian literature through those who represent it best. This is the tradition you have flouted. . . . Your shameful speech will not be forgotten by history. And literature will take its own vengeance, as it always takes revenge on those who betray the duty imposed by it. It has condemned you to the worst sentence that can be passed on an artist—to creative sterility. And neither honors nor money, nor prizes given at home or abroad, can save you from this judgment."

THE Ginzburg and Chukovskaya books, like Daniel's *Atonement*, most of Akhmatova's *Requiem*, and innumerable desk-drawer works by Soviet authors, are unpublished in Russia. It seems that the party changes less over the years than some optimistic western observers like to think. To be sure, Soviet writers can be thankful that their vituperative and vindictive colleague Sholokhov is not in charge of the party: presumably he would have them all shot, sooner or later. But even if these books were to appear in the Soviet Union, they would not yet be the last word. When Russian writers will not only be able to probe the recent past, in print, and draw conclusions from what they find, but also be allowed to take an honest and open look at the present and voice its unresolved questions, then and only then will we be justified in speaking of a "thaw."

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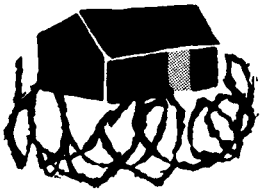

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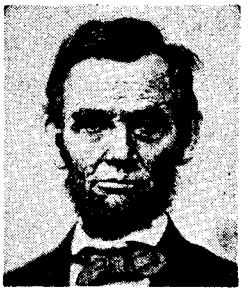

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 183

by HENRY ALLEN

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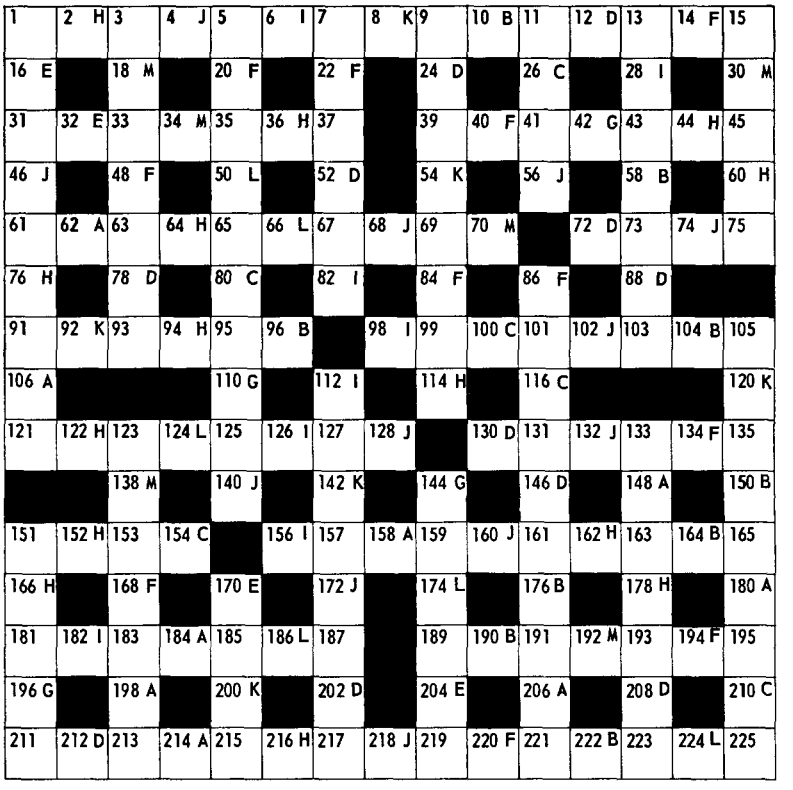
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A 106 198 184 214 148 206 62 180 158
Practice with weapons or barbells (3,6).

B 222 96 176 190 104 150 10 58 164
Prominent city in homeland of the Acrostician.

C 26 100 154 116 210 80 "With monstrous head and sickening cry/And ears like _____ wings." Chesterton, "The Donkey."

D 24 212 52 12 146 88 130 208 78 202 72 Drought-resistant.

E 204 170 16 32 Do art work with corrosives.

F 220 48 86 194 14 22 168 40 20 134 84 Not well educated (3-8).

G 42 110 144 196 "...the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his _____." Shakespeare, "Hamlet."

H 94 178 114 76 216 2 64 36 152 60 162 44 122 166 Bing of the Met, perhaps (8,6).

I 82 28 98 182 112 126 6 156 "His nose was as _____ pen." Shakespeare, "Henry V" (5,2,1).

J 128 132 74 4 218 46 102 68 172 140 56 160 Whom to blame when you stupidly miss something obvious (4,4,4).

K 92 54 120 8 142 200 Complained (slang).

L 124 224 66 50 186 174 In reality.

M 34 138 30 70 192 18 Kind of dancer.

ACROSS

1. With angry intentions and interfering? (2,5,8).
31. Skate on this with your chin tie on (4,3).
39. Chemical vessels for long nose people?
61. Everything red when there's a tall deb in (3,2,5).
72. Tuns of wine may overcome one.
91. Fail to notice in the sign Oregon displays.
98. It angers me when such amenities appear.
121. Look in the dairy, pal, for the jewel man.
130. I perform half a score, I'd note (1,2,3).
151. Country of the Acrostician (abbr.).
156. A fetid ass a man might use to make the medicine (alt. sp.).
181. Job or the Acrostician in 151 across.
189. With this musical instrument you can clip and coo.
211. Prepared for death and making a testament? (5,3,7).

DOWN

1. Kind of risk calculation that's real with rising air inside.
3. Prison of poetry with cold at first.
5. What you might have had on a train to the east (6,4).
7. Measures trees on board.
9. Massachusetts town has a final span.
11. A ring or a rind, so to speak.
13. It's the scabbard he hates.
15. The girl is a flower when she gets a shiner.
86. The first writer or a metallic one? (4,6).
105. Former TV program where they put slag on gin (4,5).
112. Squeeze the race and start the printer (5;3).
123. A repast belonging to a former age (4,3).
133. Place to let Rip toil.
144. Where the Devil sits in church? A poor seat, anyway (3,3).
151. May be berth or hand or crust.
170. Neat but not gaudy.

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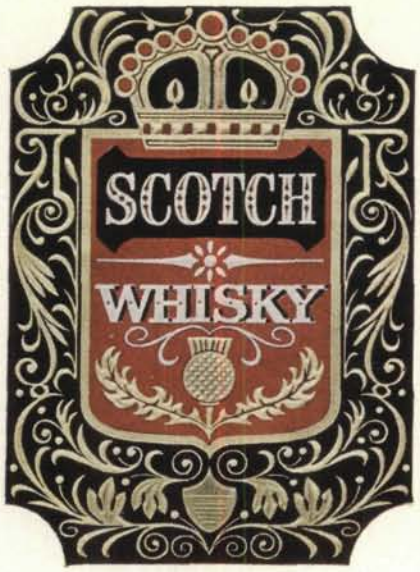

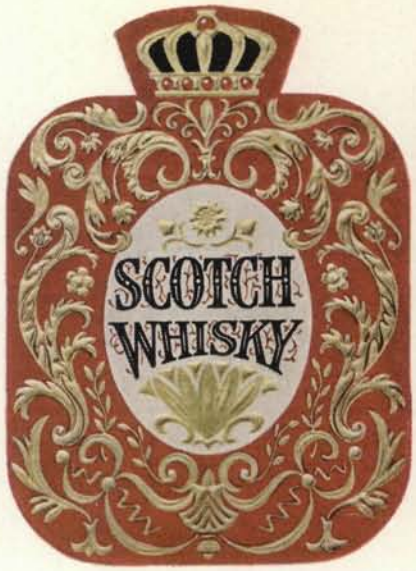

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T4

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